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QUAINT RIGS OF THE SEA

Picturesque Ships That Still Sail the Deep and Defy the Steam Devices.

We are often told that all the romance has gone out of the sea, that the triumph of mechanical science, as materialized in such a mighty vessel as the Lusitania, has killed all the glamour of the ocean by reducing salt water travel to railway precision, and minimizing peril to a point at which it may be regarded with indifference, writes Herbert Russell in the London Express.

I do not believe it. There is certainly no quality of old-world romance in the gigantic ocean liner. The sailing ship long since passed the zenith of her glory. But the poetry of the sea, as picturesque as ever it was in the spacious days of hemp and stun'-sails, still lingers in many a quaint form.

This reflection occurred a few days since as I stood upon the lawn-smooth slopes of Plymouth Hoe, watching a "billy boy" beating into the Cattewater. She was a genuine, lubberly survival of a century-old type. No smokestack had ever yet flimed the horizon when she was first cradled.

The quaint rigs of our narrow seas are a most interesting study. To be sure, they are all survivals; part of a condition which must inevitably pass, but which, notwithstanding, still flourishes.

I have spoken of the "billy boy." Few sailors will require to be told that this is a big ketch, fitted with a long, raking bowsprit, which sets almost as many jibs as a full-rigged ship. I believe she is really a prototype of the famous Dutch galliot, which craft has not changed one whit in her characteristics since the days of Van Tromp.

Very subtle are the sailors' distinctions in peculiarites of rig. Thus, for example, we most of us know what manner of vessel a brig is. But it would give pause to a good many men who regularly follow the sea calling to have to explain the difference between a brig and a snow.

Yet the distinction lies in a very trifling technicality. A brig, when taking in her spanker, lowers it down the sail altogether. On the other hand, a snow has a standing gaff, with a little topsail pole, and trails her spanker up, furling it.

Perhaps one of the homeliest and most familiar of all the quaint rigs which frequent our home waters is the hermaphrodite brig, but the vessel is more commonly—though erroneously—described as a brigantine.

And here again comes in that subtlety of distinction to which I have alluded. The hermaphrodite is strictly brig-rigged on her foremast, and schooner-rigged on her main-mast. The brigantine is likewise, save that her top-mast and top-gallant-mast are one spar, and she sets no royal.

Talking of brigs, another quaint variety of this species which is very much rarer is the polacre. This is a pole-masted vessel with square yards on the fore and main, and very closely resembling a double topsail schooner.

The jackass barque is another freak rig often met with ambling along the Channel or the North Sea. Viewed with anything short of a keenly critical eye she would be set down as an ordinary barque. But a sailor will point out to you that she has cross-trees and no tops, and that she does not spread lower courses.

Perhaps the top-sail schooner is one of the best known of all our coasting types. Next to the fishing smack, she is the most familiar detail of the long-shore seascape, whether riding to anchor under the lee of a foreland—for these coasters do a rare lot of sheltering if the weather looks dirty—or spluttering along under her patched and grimy canvas.

I do not pretend to claim anything particularly quaint about a rig that is so commonplace. But the interesting discovery that there is a well defined variety even in this type of vessel was recently brought home to me when a bronze-faced old object, in fur cap, guernsey and fearnaught, offered to bet me something in the bibulous line that I couldn't tell him the difference between a schooner and a "butterman."

I confessed that I certainly could not. "Well, then, see here," says he, drawing aerial diagrams with the stem of his sooty clay, "a taw'psl schooner has a standing t'gallant yard, set up with lifts; whereas a butter-rigged schooner sets her t'gallant-s'l flying by hoisting the yard every time."

I "took notice," as he bade me, and have since observed that the great bulk of our trading schooners are butter-rigged.

The Greenland whaler—a fast dying type—is quaintly rigged. Her fore and main sails resemble those of an old-fashioned full-rigged ship, with single topsails, only that they are very dwarfed in proportion to their length.

On the mizzen-mast, which in all other respects is barque-rigged, is a large, square topsail. The character of the vessel is rendered unmistakable from the "crow's nest" immediately under her main-truck—a large barrel occupied by the lookout man, which gives her a strangely top-heavy appearance.

Sailors are frequently tautological in their definitions of rigs. For example, a dandy and a ketch are, to end the same thing, but a yawl differs inasmuch as her mizzen-mast steps right aft in the counter, whereas in a ketch it is forward of the helm.

Again, fishermen term a trawling cutter a sloop or a smack. This latter designation, by-the-bye, has come to be somewhat generally applied to any fishing vessel, but strictly speaking, it is only applicable to a cutter.

Limit of space does not permit of my extending the list of quaint rigs. Indeed, I have restricted myself to the most familiar of the picturesque types of our home waters. It is these craft which will continue to perpetuate the traditions of tacks and sheets long after the big sailing ship has been starved out of existence by the tramp steamer. But, as I have said, they, too, in their turn, must surely pass.

Then, indeed, will the last flicker of romance have died out of the sea life.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my last year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the sides of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hand is good,
And love for the hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

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QUEER MAYORAL CUSTOMS

Venison Warrants for the Lord Mayor of London.

It is not generally known that venison warrants are sent to the Lord Mayor of London and sheriffs by command of the king twice a year, says Tit-Bits. In July warrants for bucks are issued and in December for does. In the year 1101 the king then reigning granted and confirmed by charter that "the citizens of London shall have all the rights and privileges to the hunt in the royal demesnes as well and as full as their ancestors had." Eventually, however, the citizens were debarred from enjoying the chase in the royal parks, and, as a solution, it was ordered that the Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs should be supplied annually with so many deer from the royal parks and forests. This order was issued some centuries ago, and ever since the First Commissioner of Works has yearly sent the warrant for the venison for the occupiers of the Mansion House to the City Remembrancer.

Another old custom in association with London's mayoralty is the presenting of fruit by the Fruiterers' company to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The ceremony appears to have originated in the fourteenth century, and at one time was a very picturesque affair. Nowadays, however, the presentation of the fruit is taken as a matter of course and without ceremony. In days gone by the master, wardens and clerk of the Fruiterers' company attended at the end of November at the Guildhall and apprised the Lord Mayor of the presentation, informing him that twelve bushels of apples of various kinds were on the way from Farrington market. Twelve men, carrying on their heads panniers containing the apples, headed by the company's beadle in official attire, then marched to the Guildhall and laid their offerings before the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, each receiving in return a bottle of wine.

The election of the Mayor of High Wycombe would not be considered complete unless he were "weighed in." His worship, as well as every member of the corporation, is placed on a pair of gigantic scales, and the result is entered in a big book kept for the purpose. This custom is said to date back to the reign of Edward I.

The Mayor of Plymouth is forced by an old custom to visit at least once during his year of office the Lake of Barrator. When he journeys to the lake he is followed by all the members of the corporation. Reaching the banks, the procession forms up in two lines and a couple of ancient goblets are filled with water drawn from the lake and passed round from mouth to mouth. The mayor and corporation drink to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who, when Mayor of Plymouth in 1581 brought water to the town by means of a canal some twenty miles in length.

After each person has tasted the water the goblets are filled with wine, and the mayor, holding one at arm's length, says: "May the descendants of him who gave all, only a poor creature with whom fate had done its worst and could do no more. Yes—I would be strong.

There was, of course, nothing for me to do, save to kill time; I was allowed to wander about as I liked. Yet there was in me an insane desire to see the girl—to watch this new Barbara that was to me the old Barbara come to life again. I hung about, foolishly enough, on the chance of seeing her—watched her when presently she went out of the house and started for a walk. She was so much to me and I desired so strongly to watch over her, that I found myself following, perhaps with the fear that some harm might come to her, and that I might be able to prevent it.

I had meant, of course, to keep out of her way; I had not intended that she should see me. But as I was going on eagerly to turn the corner of a wall round which she had gone, I came face to face with her; she was turning back, and so had met me. I stood shamed and foolish before her.

"Tinman! Were you following me?"

I could not lie to her; I raised my eyes pleadingly to hers, and stammered that I had followed her from the house.

"But why? Were you spying upon me?" She drew herself up, and looked at me scornfully; I trembled before her like a beaten dog. "I should have remembered that you are the servant of that man," she said.

I had almost flung myself at her feet; I know that I stretched out my hands to her, and clasped them in my frantic eagerness to make her understand. "Don't think that—don't believe it!" I exclaimed. "You don't understand, and I may not tell you; but I am your friend. If I could tell you what is in this poor bruised and broken heart of mine, you would understand, and would pity and trust me. I am your friend—and his."

"His?" She looked at me with a sudden frown of astonishment.

"The boy you love—the boy who meets you sometimes in secret—"

"Ah! you have been spying, then!" she cried, drawing ayay from me.

"No—no—no; indeed I have not. It was by the merest accident that I saw you meet him in the woods, and no living soul knows of that but myself. If I could only make you trust me!"

She came nearer to me—looked at me closely. "Who are you, or what were you?" she asked in a whisper. "You are no servant; you speak like a gentleman. Who are you—and what have you to do with me, or—or with any one else that concerns me?"

"I am one who died long ago," I said to her. "If you think of me at all, think of me as someone who long ago touched such a story as yours—such a story of love and hope and faith, all broken and cast in the dust. Think of me as someone who loved—and lost what I loved; think of me as some one who, seeing you as young and fair and bright as the woman I loved, would give the very heart out of me to see you happy. As God's above me, I'm your friend!"

She looked at me in wonder, but I saw that she believed in me; I think she was half inclined for a moment to confide in me. If she had done so then, much of the horror and despair that were to come upon us both and upon others might have been averted. But I suppose she remembered that I was only Tinman, a servant of the man who had that power over her father; and she shook her head perplexedly, and turned away.

"You must not follow me," she said.

"I will not again," I assured her. "But you are the only creature on earth who has spoken gently to me for many, many years; I only followed you as a dog might do, to see that you were safe. Besides, you look at me out of the eyes of a woman I loved—a woman who is dead."

I turned and went away quickly on the road back to the house. In a moment I heard her calling after me, and I turned about and faced her. "Indeed I do trust you," she whispered, " and I know that you are my friend. Some day you may have a chance to prove that," she added.

"I pray God the time may come soon," I answered fervently, as I took her little hands in my rough ones, and raised them to my lips. It was as though I stood again on that terrace outside the house—a boy of twenty—and bowed my head over the hands of the woman I loved.

I got back to the house in time to see the boy of whom I had been speaking striding towards it. He was but a little in advance of me, and he turned his head sharply on hearing my feet crushing the dead leaves; then waited for me to come up to him. When I reached him he looked me over quickly; I remember that I longed to tell him where Barbara had gone, that he might run to overtake her. But I felt that I had plunged far enough into the story for one day.

"I haven'e seen your face before," he said, not ungently. "Do you belong here?"

"Yes, sir—for the present," I replied. "My name is Tinman; I am Mr. Olivant's servant."

He looked at me frowningly for a moment, as we stood together watching each other. "Is my brother here—Mr. Olivant, I mean?"

"He comes today, sir, I believe," I replied.

As in confirmation of my words I heard the sound of wheels at that moment, and stepped back with young Millard as the fly from the station drove past us towards the house. Murray Olivant was in it; he turned for a moment, and waved a hand towards the young man; me he regarded with a scowl. Arnold Millard walked on quickly after the vehicle, and I followed. The boy was younger and quicker than I was, and he reached the house some few moments before I did. When I got to the door and passed into the hall I saw the pair of them talking—Olivant seated, with his hat on the back of his head, on an oak chest, with his long legs stretched out before him, and the boy facing him. I was obliged to pass them to go into the house; I was slipping past when Olivant called to me.

"Tinman, I want you." He turned to his brother, and spoke insolently enough. "That's the last word I have to say about the matter; I can't do anything for you at the moment. You shall have your money all in good time, but you mustn't be so deuced sudden about it. Where are you staying — I didn't know you were down here at all."

"I'm staying at the George," said the boy. "But I tell you, you must let me have some money to go on with; I'm nearly penniless. And, after all, Murray, it isn't as if it were your money; you're only holding it for me."

"I know that; I don't need reminding of my responsibilities," retorted the other. "I can't talk about it now," he added, getting up as though to put an end to the conversation. "Come up here tonight—dine here if you like—and I'll tell you what I'm prepared to do. I can't say more than that. Will you come?"

The boy's face flushed darkly red; there was a pleased look in his eyes. "Of course I'll come, Murray—if Mr. Savell will have me," he replied eagerly.

Murray Olivant laughed. "Oh, it's nothing to do with Mr. Savell. I do as I like in this house. Dinner at eight; we'll talk business afterwards. Now, Tinman, just come and attend to me, will you?"

THE TINMAN

By TOM GALLON

CHAPTER IV.

The Coming of the Wolves.

I slept but badly that night; it seemed so strange that I should be under that roof in these days of ruin and disaster—hiding, as it were, from the sight of men, and striving to plot, in my own feeble, futile way, against forces that must in time inevitably overwhelm and sweep me away. I had been a poor prisoner for so many years; I was like a child in the world now, with whatever powers I had once had dulled and blunted. Passionately I desired to help this girl who already smiled at me with the eyes of her dead mother, and whose speaking of that absurd name of mine—Tinman—was like a caress. Yet what could I do?—how could I help her or the boy she loved?

I thought, too, more than once of that shadowy figure I had seen on the terrace, hovering like a lost soul outside the house—of that face that had stared in at me from the darkness outside into the room where the father and daughter were. Unless by any chance I had been deceived, who was this woman who moved silently about the grounds at night, and what was her interest in the girl? I tried to dismiss from my mind the whole thing as a mere hallucination—a something bred of all the dreams that once had been mine in that house; but I could not shut out that face that had stared in at me. I remembered how the eyes had held mine for one long moment before I cried out; I remembered in a puzzled way what the girl had said on the staircase about the ghosts in the great dreary house; I found myself sitting up in bed in the dark room, with my hands clasped around my knees, thinking about it all, and asking myself over and over again what I should do. Almost I wished myself back in my cell in prison, with the certain knowledge upon me that nothing could ever disturb me there, and that the world outside was dead. I hated the thought that I had been dragged out again into such a tangle as this.

Better resolves came with the morning; the wintry sunlight seemed to warm me, and to warm any faint resolution that was beginning to shape itself in my mind. I would be strong and watchful; I held a power here that no one suspected, because I knew so much, and had loved so strongly, and was, after

He strode away up the stairs and I meekly followed him; it did not seem at all necessary that he should be announced in that house as having arrived. He curtly told me to unpack his things; cursed me a little because I had forgotten that important duty before. While I unstrapped the luggage and knelt beside it to take the things out, he seated himself in an easy-chair, and watched me and asked questions. He seemed to be in a good temper and inclined to be indulgent with me.

"Well, my faithful one, and how do you like coming back among the ghosts?" he asked. Then, as I glanced up at him with what I suppose was a scared look in my eyes, he went on gally: "There—there—you needn't look so frightened. I won't give the game away. But tell me—what do you think of the place—and the people?—how do you like it all?"

"I have not yet had time to notice anything," I said, without looking up.

"Nonsense; you can't fool me in that fashion. You've been keenly watching everything—eager to find out all you can. What of Savell?"

"He seems much broken and changed," I replied reluctantly.

"Bah!—he's a fool—and a whining fool at that," he exclaimed violently. "He's no good to himself or any one else; he muddles himself with drink night after night; one of these days he'll go off suddenly—snuffed out like a candle in a draught. What of the others?"

"The—others?" I looked up at him stupidly.

"Well, the other, if you like," he retorted. "The child—Barbara. What of her?"

"She is very beautiful—and very sweet—and kind," I faltered, bending low over my work.

"Kind, is he?" he said, with a laugh. "So you've begun already to screw your way into her good graces, have you? That's right, Tinman; that's what you're down here for, you old rascal. Watch all she does—follow her about—pounce on any letters that may chance to come for her, and let me see them first. Spy on her, you dog—find out all about her."

I did not answer; I was glad to think that this brute could have so little knowledge of me as to suppose that I should do it. He was evidently satisfied with my silence; after a moment or two he went on talking again.

"You're going to see company, Tinman. I've got a friend coming down to stay—man named Dawkins. He's a sly devil, and I may want him; incidentally you can watch him, too. Fanshawe also is coming."

"Jervis Fanshawe?" I looked up at him quickly in surprise.

"Yes, but not here. He'll lie low in the town; I'm going to get a lodging for him. Stirring times, Tinman—eh?"

He got up and strode about the room, rubbing his hands and laughing; I did not dare ask what was going to happen. Presently he stopped, and faced me as I knelt beside a portmanteau. "Look up at me, Tinman, and speak the truth, if you can. You saw that young man downstairs just now?"

I nodded slowly. "I saw him coming up to the house," I replied truthfully; "he asked who I was and whether you had arrived.

"Ever seen him before " he demanded. "Look up at me; I want no lies."

I looked up pat him, but I lied nevertheless. "Never," I replied steadily.

"The young fool thinks he's in love with the girl, and believes that she's in love with him. It's all right while he thinks so; but I don't mean to have any nonsense. He's another one to be watched, Tinman; if by any chance you should discover them meeting, or whispering together, or any such nonsense as that—let me know. Do you hear?" He kicked me softly on the leg as he asked the question.

"I hear," I replied.

"Very well then—see that you do it. And don't forget, at all times when you may be tempted to do anything against my interests, that I've taken you out of the gutter and that I'll kick you back there again, to starve, if you don't behave yourself. I don't do dirty work myself; I employ men like you to do it for me. Understand that?" He kicked me softly again, and laughed.

"Yes, I understand," I replied.

"Good. See that you remember it," he retorted. "Understand also that in this house I do as I like, and that my word is law. Above all things, be meek and humble with me, Tinman; I want no fiery words or looks from you. Your fiery youth has gone past, and is done with."

"I know that," I said, almost in a whisper.

"Yet you killed a man once, Tinman, so I've been told," he added musingly. "It doesn't seem possible, when one looks at you now, that you had hot blood in you to that extent. What did it feel like—to kill a man?"

"I have forgotten," I told him. Yet I thought then, as I knelt and looked up at him, that it might be possible that I should know what it felt like again, if he drove me too hard or goaded me too much. The shabby garment of my slavery was slipping off me, rag by rag, and leaving me something of what I had been before; I began to be dimly afraid of myself, and to what my inborn recklessness might drive me. For I, who had died once, had no fear of any consequences. I wondered if he thought of that, or remembered it.

He put an added torture upon me that night; he made me wait at table. I don't know how it was arranged that I should do that; I only know that I was told at the last moment that I must be there to hand the dishes—above all, to stand behind his chair, and wait upon him specially. And so I stood in that room where I had once been a guest, and waited upon him and the others humbly enough.

At one end of the table sat Lucas Savell, with his trembling hands fluttering about his plate and his glass; at the other end—defiant, intolerant, insolent—sat Murray Olivant, talking loudly and generally dominating the occasion. At one side of the table, at his right hand, sat Barbara, and next to her was the man Dawkins—a man who may best be described as one having a perpetual smile. He even seemed to smile as he ate; the most commonplace remark addressed to him was met always with that smile, which seemed indeed a part of the man. It was a smile that became absolutely slavish whenever Murray Olivant threw a word to him; but it was a veiled insolence when Lucas Savell ventured a remark.

On the other side of the table young Arnold Millard was seated, watching the girl. I saw ghosts again then, when I saw Barbara with eyes downcast, and when I watched the boy's hungry glances at her; I—the servant who waited, and was unknown in that house save to one man—saw myself watching hopelessly enough the Barbara who was dead; my heart ached for the boy, as it had ached years before for poor Charlie Araline.

The insolence of Olivant grew as the meal progressed. I saw him stretch out his arm, and lay a hand strongly on the hand of the girl as it rested on the table. "Now, my pretty Barbara," he said, "let's have a word from you. You shouldn't be dumb at your father's table."

"Is it my father's table?" she asked him, as she raised her white face for a moment to his.

"Oh, don't let's talk business, for the Lord's sake!" he exclaimed. "At least you might try to cheer our friend opposite here," he went on, indicating the boy, "he's as glum as you are. What's the matter, Arnold?—are you in love?"

"I should scarcely talk about it, if I were," replied the boy, with a glance at Olivant, and another at the imprisoned hand of the girl.

"Of course you're in love," went on Olivant, still holding that little hand tightly, and glancing from one to the other across the table. "I wonder what she's like; I wonder what sort of beauty would most attract you. Come, Dawkins, let's have your opinion."

"Oh, my dear Olivant, don't ask me!" exclaimed Dawkins protestingly, and smiling more than ever. "Perhaps if I might hazard a guess—" He glanced as he spoke at Barbara next to him.

"I think Arnold would take rather to a full-blown sort of beauty—something big and high-colored," broke in Murray Olivant. "He'd be a bit of an amateur at the game—and I doubt if she'd have any money."

"Let go my hand!" It was the merest whisper, but I heard it as I stood behind Olivant; I saw the girl's distressed face, and I saw, too, that the boy's hand had gripped a knife beside him, and that his look was absolutely murderous. Olivant bent towards the girl as though he did not understand; looked down at the hand he held and laughed.

"But it's such a pretty hand," he said, "belonging to such a pretty Barbara. Tell me Dawkins," he called to the other man, "hasn't one a right to hold a lady's hand if one likes?"

"Oh, surely, surely," said Mr. Dawkins. "Most certainly."

Even as the words were spoken Barbara wrenched her hand away and sprang up; it seemed as though Olivant and the boy sprang to their feet at the same time. Barbara went quickly to her father, and whispered to him for a moment, while he feebly protested; then she made towards the door. The boy sprang to the door to open it; Olivant moved quickly around the table to intercept them both.

"Here, come back! What the devil—" The door was opened and the girl was gone; in the tense silence that had fallen upon the room I heard distinctly what Arnold Millard said, as he stood with his back to the door looking at Olivant.

"Go and sit down!" Then, as the other man still stood blusteringly before him, he made a sudden movement, and I heard the words again: "Go and sit down!"

Murray Olivant backed away from him, and got to his place at the table; sank into his chair with an uncomfortable laugh. The boy, after a moment's hesitation, came back and sat down also. I noticed that Savell's weak hands were fluttering about nervously, but he said nothing and the meal was resumed in silence. Suddenly, however, Olivant, desiring some vent for his feelings, turned fiercely upon me, who was standing looking at him.

"What the devil are you staring like that for?" he demanded ferociously. "Don't you see that my glass is empty?—can't you see that other people want wine also? What in the name of all that's wonderful do you think I keep a lout like you for?"

I went about my duties and the man relapsed into a sulky silence. He pushed his food away from him and began to mutter presently that he didn't know what the world was coming to, when puppies were allowed to bully their betters, and when slips of girls failed to understand what a joke was. And at last called down the length of the table to that poor master of the house, Lucas Savell.

"Come now, Mr. Savell, if you've quite finished we can adjourn. I don't want to sit here all night."

"Quite finished, Olivant, quite finished," said Savell hastily, as he rose from his chair. "Sorry there should have been any little unpleasantness—but perhaps you don't quite understand the child. She don't mean any unkindness—" His voice trailed off, as he went muttering and mumbling from the room. At a sign from Olivant the man Dawkins followed him; Olivant remained behind with the boy. Of me he took no notice; I was but a piece of furniture in his eyes.

"Well, my friend," began Murray Olivant, setting one foot upon a chair, and leaning his arm on his raised knee—" I believe you want some money, don't you? Don't be afraid to speak; you must surely understand that I am in the best mood for giving you all you ask."

"I have asked for nothing," replied Arnold. "One thing, however, I demand.'

"Hear him, Tinman; he demands something, this young jackanapes," exclaimed Olivant, turning to me, and so dragging me into the business.

"I demand that you shall behave decently to that young lady whom you insulted just now," said the boy, growing very white, but speaking very distinctly. "You dare not play the brute and the bully with men, even when, like my-lucky self, they're poor as Job and are dependent upon you; you must bully women instead."

"Silence—you young fool!" exclaimed Olivant. "Do you think I'll be browbeaten by you? As for your money, you can wait for it until I choose to give it to you."

"There is no question of any gift; the money belongs to me by right," exclaimed the boy. "I have had to beg for every penny that I have ever had, although it has all been mine from the beginning; if I can't get it from you, I'll take some other measures—legally."

"Hear this beggar, Tinman; hear what he's going to do!" cried Olivant, pointing to the boy, but looking round at me. "It's a proper way to get what you want, that is." He took a turn or two about the room, and then came back to where Arnold was still standing. "Let's have an understanding—once for all," he said, in a changed voice. "Before you go out of this house I want you to know that this tone of yours must cease. You'll have money when I care to pay it to you; and for the future you'll keep out of my way, and out of the way of my friends. You have dared to lecture me as to how I shall behave to this pretty baggage in this house; she's nothing to you, and never will be. One of these days she's going to belong to me—by her father's wish; you'll find yourself left out in the cold. I can put up with a boy's foolish whims and tricks for a time; but I've put up with yours too long. Now you can go."

"I shall go when it suits me; this house is not yours," replied the other coolly, as he walked to the door, and opened it, and went out.

After a moment or two Murray Olivant followed him; he seemed at a loss to know what to do. I heard his voice raised presently in the room on the other side of the hall; I opened the door and listened. I was able to see out into the hall also; I saw that Lucas Savell stood at the foot of the stairs, as if he were just about to climb them, and that Olivant was speaking to him in his strident voice.

"Fetch her down, I say. I won't have her sulking upstairs. If she won't come for you, I'll come myself."

"My dear Olivant!" began Savell pleadingly; but the brutal voice broke in again quickly.

"There—no words about it; tell her she's to come down. It's an insult to me and to my guest."

Savell went slowly up the stairs and Olivant went back into the other room. Presently, through the half-opened door, I saw Savell returning with Barbara walking by his side; she walked stiff and straight, as her mother once had done on that very staircase, when she went out of the house for the last time with her husband. They disappeared together into that other room.

For my own part, I was in a fever of doubt and dread; I did not know what was going to happen. I knew that presently the boy must leave the house in any case; I knew, too, that that useless father would presently drink himself into a muddled condition, and so would remain until in the small hours he contrived to crawl away to bed. And I doubted and feared the temper of Murray Olivant as much as I doubted and

PRESERVING RECORD OF THE INDIANS

Work of the Government Bureau of Ethnology for the Passing Red Man.

"Not only to preserve a record of the native races of our country, but to place at the disposal of the general government information which will enable it to successfully deal with the Indian tribes, has been the object always before the members of this bureau," said Prof. W. H. Holmes, chief of the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, the other day.

"These tribes are all that remain of one of the four great races of man, the former owners of the American continent, and we are spurred on to renewed effort in our investigations by a realization of the fact that this people, with all its racial characteristics and varied and interesting culture, is passing away in a great measure unrecorded.

"Although in recent years there has been a very general awakening of interest in the Indian, few realize the rapidity with which changes are taking place or feel the imperative need of acting now. We believe it to be the duty of the national government to complete the record of this people for the benefit of science and history, so far as the fast vanishing remnants will permit.

"The work already accomplished by this bureau since its foundation is valuable and important, and its researches will form the greatest body of information regarding the history of man in the primitive stages of his development that the world can ever possess; for primitive conditions in all parts of the world are being rapidly swept away, even in the remotest regions, by encroachments of the advance-guard of civilization.

Before the organization of the bureau, congress had given substantial aid to the publication of Schoolcraft's voluminous work on the Indians; and various representatives of the war department had visited and reported on the tribes and monuments in various parts of the west. The Hayden survey of the territories had examined and described many of the cliff and Pueblo dwellings and had published papers on the ethnology of the Mississippi valley.

Major J. W. Powell, chief of the survey of the Rocky Mountain region, the first man to explore the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, had accomplished much among the tribes of the southwest and had commenced a series of publications known as "Contributions to North American Ethnology." It is observed, however, that these early studies generally were disconnected and it remained for the bureau to systematize the work and to verify and round out the matter in such a way as to make it of real permanent value.

In 1789 congress recognized the importance of investigations among the tribes by establishing the bureau, the operations of which were placed under the supervision of the Smithsonian institution. Major Powell was selected by Professor Baird, secretary of the institution, to organize and conduct the bureau. The new director found before him a diversified field and began to classify the tribes and the various subjects relating to them as a means of deciding just what part of the task should be undertaken by the government. The vast extent of the work will be realized when it is stated that scattered over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Arctic ocean, there are upwards of three hundred tribes and tribal groups, speaking nearly that many languages, as distinct from one another as the several tongues of Europe, and having tribal histories, habits, customs, religious and social organizations, arts and industries as diversified as the people and the languages. The problem was a complex and difficult one. It was manifestly impossible to investigate all the tribes fully and it was decided to select a few prominent examples and make exhaustive studies of these to stand, as types for all, but this meant the devotion of the life of a particular student to each tribe, for it is the work of a lifetime to learn a language and master all that pertains to the history, the traditions, the institutions and the life of a tribe.

The researches of the last summer extended to tribes and antiquities in Alaska, British Columbia, Ontario, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklanoma, Minnesota, Louisiana and Florida. A large part of the force has been engaged in preparing articles for the handbook of the Indians, which is a review or summary of all that has been so far collected concerning the tribes. This work is regarded as a preliminary to a series of handbooks, treating of several important subdivisions of the project in greater detail, some of these already being far advanced toward completion. These handbooks relate to the history of the tribes, to the languages, to the arts and industries, to the social and governmental institutions, to the religions, to the folk-lore, to the physical and mental characters, to the sign languages, land cessions, archeology, etc. The handbook of languages is now nearly ready for the press and several others are well advanced. Meantime the field investigations are going on in various directions with a view to filling gaps in the information and making the acquaintance of a larger number of tribes.

Already about eighty volumes have been published. These are comprised in four series: Annual Reports, Bulletins, Contributions to Knowledge, and miscellaneous. They contain a fund of information available not only to historians and ethnologists, but to officials whose duties bring them in touch with all governmental agencies having dealings with the Indian tribes. Although editions of the bureau's works are comparatively limited, they are, like other governmental publications, obtainable through congressional and other sources. The library of the bureau contains some twenty-five thousand volumes, bound and unbound, and sixteen hundred manuscripts relating to the Indian languages and the photographic laboratory has upwards of fifteen thousand negatives, including portraits and views illustrating Indian life.

ZUNI INDIAN MAIDENS IN THE CORN DANCE.

LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY

How Bismarck Discouraged Correspondence in Russian.

The question of a diplomatic language has been raised in China for the first time in our recollection by the Japanese within the last week or two. Up to the present time treaties have been made out in the language of the west as well as in that of China, and in each case it has been stipulated that if there were found to be any difference between the two the western should be held to be the correct version. But as a rule, we believe, communications with native officials have been in Chinese, and the Japanese in sending in theirs in their own tongue have attempted to create an awkward precedent.

For a very long period the diplomatic language of Europe has been French, though of late years there have been many breaches of the rule. English was largely spoken, for example, at the Berlin congress after the Russo-Turkish war.

An amusing story is told of the manner in which the Iron Chancellor discouraged the St. Petersburg authorities from writing to him in Russian. He gave instructions that "all communications received in other languages than German, French, English and Italian should be left unnoticed and put away in the archives. Budberg then wrote screed after screed in Russian. No answer was returned and the documents were all laid by with the state papers. At last he called him self and asked why he had received no reply. Bismarck himself tells the story:

"'Reply!' I exclaimed; 'to what?' Why, he had written a month ago and had sent me several reminders.

"'Ah, quite so,' I said. 'There is a great pile of documents in Russian downstairs, and yours are probably among them. But we have no one who understands Russian, and I have given instructions for all documents written in a language we do not understand to be put away among the archives.'"

It was then arranged that Budberg should write in French, and the foreign office also when it suited them.—Shanghai Mercury.

THE WORLD'S FUR TRADE

Some interesting facts regarding the world's fur trade are given by Vice-Consul Burrell, of Magdeburg, Germany:

"Occasionally one hears the fear expressed that the fur-bearing animals are becoming extinct. The fur trade of America is larger today than ever before. It is true that the buffalo no longer comes into consideration as a fur-bearing animal, and the beaver is also nearly extinct in most countries. The sea otter, which formerly furnished 100,000 furs annually, yields not 400 at the highest, and the seal also seems to be rarer, as the number of sealskins has decreased from 200,000 to 10,000 yearly, but other fur-bearing animals have taken the place of these, and the dimensions of the American fur trade are at present greater than they have ever been. More money is now earned on skunk, muskrat and fox furs than ever before on beavers, sea otters, seals and other rare furs. The depots in the United States and Canada send the largest part of the furs they receive to the three famous fur markets of the world—London, Leipsic and Nizhni Novgorod. The buying itself is done by expert fur brokers.

"In London the furs are sold by auction, and an average of $5,000,000 worth of raw furs is disposed of there annually. The principal sale in Nizhni Novgorod, Russia, takes place in August. There all the Asiatic furs, such as Persian lambs and Astrakhans, Mongolian goatskins and Siberian sables, ermine, rare squirrel furs, and, although in very small quantities, otters and seals are sold. The Leipsic market is held at the great fur 'messe' at Easter time. To it come buyers and sellers from North and South America, Persia, China, Siberia, Japan, Tibet and England. The 'messe' lasts two weeks and is an interesting relic of mediæval times, which still retains its importance.

"Germany takes the foremost place in the coloring of all sheepskins, which is attributed to the composiiton of the German river water and to the properties of the German clay. There are sent annually to the sales at Leipsic and Nizhni Novgorod 200,000 English fox skins, 500,000 German fox skins, 300,000 Russian fox skins, 90,000 red fox skins and over 50,000 Alaskan fox skins of all sorts."

WHY EUROPE CHUCKLES.

The Americans cannot complain if their present financial embarrassment is the cause in Europe of a little secret chuckling, of a good deal of open head-shaking and of some rather Pharisaical comparisons of business methods. Modesty never was the strong point of our energetic cousins, and their millionaires and their trusts and their record-beating and undefeatable prosperity had been thrust down our throats till the gorse rose. Their position is for the moment humiliating.—London Saturday Review.

DIAMONDS AND HARD TIMES

Wealthy People Compelled to Dispose of Jewels for Cash.

One result of the financial squeeze of the last few weeks has been the throwing of hundreds of thousands of dollars of diamonds and other precious stones on the market. One Maiden Lane authority estimates the amount of diamonds that have been sold to dealers in that winding thoroughfare alone at $1,000,000.

As a rule the diamonds that have found their way back to the dealers have been small stones of indifferent shape and color. But there also have been some rare diamonds of splendid quality and desirable color. These were eagerly sought of the dealers, who, in the past, have not had enough jewels of this character to meet the demand.

Undoubtedly a great many pieces of jewelry have come upon the market that would not have been disposed of if it had not been for the acute financial situation. One afternoon last week an elderly man walked into the shop of a Maiden Lane importer and drew out a leather case.

"I want you to look these over, Mr. Blank," he said to the importer, who evidently knew him. "They are for sale. They belonged to my wife."

"Ah," said the importer, "I was not aware of your bereavement."

"Oh, she died twelve years ago," said the elderly man. "I have had these in the safety deposit box all that time. I had intended that they should go to the children, but I can't raise money from any other source, and, much as I hate to do it, I shall have to let them go."

There were several handsome rings, a necklace, several bracelets, and a magnificent diamond sunburst. The dealer appraised them at $6,500, and in ten minutes the man who had brought the jewels left with a check for that amount.

"Too bad," said the importer. "I know how he felt about it. But he made a good bargain from a financial standpoint. He got at least $1,500 more than he paid for them twelve or fifteen years ago, and he bought them at retail prices and sold them at dealer's prices. So diamonds have not been such a bad investment after all. I wonder how many stocks could be sold for more than was paid for them at that time. We have had a good many former customers coming to us to sell their diamonds. It has been the best method of making a quick raise. We have not loaned on them. We have bought them outright.

"There is no danger of a glut in the diamond market unless the depression continues for a long time. Diamonds have risen from 30 to 50 per cent in value in the last ten years. Good stones are still scarce, and we have welcomed the opportunity to replenish our stock from the jewel boxes of the embarrassed rich. A diamond of even a karat, perfect in shape, of good color, well cut, and without

feared that perpetual smile on the face of his friend Dawkins. I resolved to watch and to wait; for this night at least I was again that unhappy boy, Charlie Avaline, who had once suffered such tortures as young Arnold Millard must be suffering now.

I crept out on to the terrace, outside those lighted windows; peering in I saw Olivant lounging at the piano; young Millard was listening to something Dawkins was saying, but was evidently paying no attention to him; his eyes were upon the two at the piano. Presently, as if he could bear it no longer, he made a movement to go; shook hands with Savell, who feebly responded, and then crossed towards Barbara. She rose to meet him, and with a courage for which I should scarcely have given her credit, walked with him towards the door. But even there Olivant interposed; took the girl by the arm and drew her away. I saw the look in the boy's eyes, and it sunk deep into my mind, so that I did not lightly forget it.

I went back into the house and presently made my way up towards my room. While I was yet on the stairs, a door below me opened; peering over, I saw Barbara come out into the hall. At the same moment Murray Olivant came out also, and behind him in the doorway I saw the smiling face of Dawkins. Olivant seized the girl before she had set foot upon the stairs.

"Come, my dear, you're not going like that!" His voice was thick and unsteady as he lurched against her.

"Let me go!" she cried, in a subdued voice. "Let me go, Mr. Olivant—or shall I call my father?"

"Call him, by all means; he's not likely to hear, or to trouble much if he does hear," exclaimed Olivant. "Come you little witch—you're only shy because Dawkins is looking on. You shall kiss me good-night at least!"

She broke away from him, and darted up the stairs. He stumbled in his blind rush after her, and she fled past me like a hare; I heard her sobbing as she went, and it seemed to set my numbed blood on fire. As he stumbled up the stairs he came suddenly face to face with me, standing looking at him. Dawkins, still grinning awkwardly, stood in the doorway below.

"Out of the way, you fool!" exclaimed Olivant, making a rush at me; but I did not move. I stood like a thing of stone, staring at him, although in my heart I was desperately afraid. Not of him—never of him for a moment; but of what I might do.

"Stand back!" I said, in a voice that was not in the least like my own. "Stand back!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, involuntarily recoiling a step.

"Stand back!" I said again. "I killed a man once; there is a dread in me that I might do it again!"

He slowly retreated down two or three steps, still looking at me; muttered something about talking to me in the morning; then stumbled down to rejoin his friend, and disappeared with him into the room. And I sat on the stairs in the darkness, shaking from head to foot, and desperately afraid of myself.

CHAPTER V.

I Touch Disaster.

I kept that watch upon the stairs until long after the house was quiet. I drew back into a recess once, when Murray Olivant and Dawkins went roaring up to their respective rooms; and again when presently Lucas Savell fumbled his trembling way up to his particular quarters. Even after that there was a great deal of noise for a time, because Dawkins and Olivant appeared to take a particular delight in shouting to each other from one room to the other as they undressed.

But presently even they were quiet, and the dreary old house seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the shadows of the night. Keeping my lonely watch there, I dreamed of all that had happened in the years that were dead; though chiefly, too, of my own utter helplessness now. I was to have been strong and purposeful; I was to have helped those who, like myself in an earlier time, were helpless; I laughed bitterly to think how weak I was, and how little I could do. I tried to tell myself what my years were, and how I ought to be strong and lusty; and then I remembered that my hair was gray and my face shrunken and old, and my body weak. I had thought that I could cope with the powers of position and strength and riches; and I could do nothing.

Thinking I heard a noise above, I determined at last that I would not go to bed yet; the girl seemed so absolutely alone in that great house. I knew the room in which she slept, and I presently crept up there, and lay down across her doorway, to snatch some sleep in that fashion. Even as I fell asleep I smiled to think that it might have been the old Barbara I was guarding, and not this new one, after all.

I awoke with a light on my face, and the consciousness that some one was looking down at me. I started up in a sitting posture, only half awake, and saw that the door of the room was open, and that Barbara stood there with a candle in her hand, bending over me. Our faces were very close together when she spoke in a surprised whisper—

"Tinman! What are you doing there?"

"I did not mean that you should be disturbed," I said. "I only wanted to feel that you were safe."

"Dear kind Tinman!" she whispered, as the tears gathered in her eyes. "I have not slept at all; I have lain awake—thinking. You moved in your sleep, I think, and brushed against the door, and I wondered what it was. Come inside a moment."

She spoke in the faintest whisper, stopping every now and then to listen intently. I got slowly to my feet, and went just inside the door of the room; she closed the door, and stood there with the handle in her hand, looking at me. I remember that she looked very frail and young with her hair falling about her shoulders.

"What am I to do, Tinman?" she asked.

I shook my head. "Indeed, I don't know," I replied. "Life is always so hard, and there are so many to make it harder for us. You did not quite trust me today when I spoke to you," I added regretfully, "or I might be able to speak to you more freely."

"I do trust you," she said earnestly. "You stood between me and that brute tonight; I peeped out and saw you. I could not hear what you said; I only saw him go down again. I bless you for that, Tinman."

"You see me only as a servant," I whispered, "but I was not always like that. I want to say to you what is in my heart. Your eyes smile at me, and so I can speak with more confidence. You love this boy?"

To my surprise she was not in the least annoyed at my bluntness of speech; she blushed quickly and prettily, and nodded. "Yes," she said.

"And it is easy to see that he loves you. And you ask me what you are to do?" I went on. "Surely it is in your own hands, and in his?"

"But I would like you to tell me," she coaxed. "Of course I know in my own mind what I want to do, or I suppose I shouldn't be a woman; but one likes to hear what a friend will say about a matter like this. Tell me."

"I should advise you—both of you—to get away from this house, and to start your lives in the best sense somewhere else," I whispered earnestly. "You have no friends here—no, not even your father; he would marry you to this other man in sheer dread of him. Youth only comes to you once, child, and you must grasp it with both hands, and hold it as long as possible. Take your lives into your hands and go away, out into the big clean world that loves lovers."

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"You say just what is in my own heart, Tinman," she whispered smiling, "and you speak as though you knew all about it."

"Oh, ever so long ago I knew something about it—and one never forgets. My life went down into the shadowy places of the world, and was wrecked and lost; I would not have yours do that."

"Why do you think so tenderly of me?" she asked.

"Because you look at me with the eyes of the woman I loved," I answered her.

"Where is she now?—what became of her?" she whispered gently.

"She's dead."

She took my rough hand, and gave it a little squeeze. I opened the door to go out, and she whispered that I had comforted her, and that now she could sleep. For a little time after that I sat outside the door, with my arms around my knees, staring into the darkness, and thinking that, after all, God had blessed me rather more than I deserved. In the gray dawn I stole up to my room at the top of the house, and lay down, dressed as I was, on the bed to snatch some further sleep.

It was late next morning when I heard Murray Olivant bawling my name, and demanding with oaths to know where I was. Somehow or other some of my dread of the man had left me; I had a power I had not before guessed at. I went to find him, and stood before him—a stronger man than he, in the sense that I was calm and silent, while he raved at me, and cursed me, and showed himself a meaner, smaller thing with every word he sputtered out. And I think he knew it, and chafed at that violence he could not repress.

"There's something I want to say to you," he said at last when he had exhausted himself a little. "You threatened me last night—actually had the audacity to threaten me, and to boast about what you had done, and what you might do again."

"I did not threaten you—and I did not boast," I said slowly. "And I only told you that I was afraid—afraid of what I might do."

"Well, that was a threat. You talked of killing a man—hinted that you might do it again. You know what I told you would happen if you gave me any trouble. I said I'd kick you into the gutter—and I'll do it. You can go today; get back to London, and shiver in its streets—sell matches or beg. I've done with you."

"Not yet," I replied, shaking my head. "You will not get rid of me so easily as that, Mr. Olivant."

He stared at me with a dropping jaw. "Why, what the devil do you mean?"

"I mean that you will find it better to have me with you than against you," I said. "If you wanted an ordinary servant, you should have taken an ordinary man; you have taken me, who have nothing to lose, and who troubles nothing about what he may gain. Don't you understand," I asked impatiently, "that I have stood under the shadow of the gallows, with Death beckoning; what more have I to be afraid of? If you kick me into the gutter, as you term it, I shall only rise up again, and fight against you. More than that, I might do worse; I might kill you if you gave me too much trouble."

I must say one thing for Murray Olivant; he had a sense of humor. He stared at me for a moment or two after I had finished speaking, and then sat down and began to laugh. He laughed more and more as he let my words sink into his mind; and finally sat up and looked at me, shaking his head whimsically as he did so.

"My word!—but you're a cool one!" he exclaimed. "So you think I'm not to shake you off—eh? I'm not to have a word to say about the matter; you're to play a sort of old-man-of-the-sea to my Sindbad, are you? Well, I think I like you for it—and I think you may be more useful because you have so little to lose. Only you mustn't threaten, and you mustn't get in my way again when I've a joke afoot. We'll say no more about it; we'll forget it." He got to his feet, and went striding about the room, laughing to himself as at some excellent jest. "You might even kill me! Oh, Lord—what a man I've saddled myself with, to be sure!"

I stood still, waiting until he should have got over the fit of laughter that was upon him; I waited grimly for whatever other move might come. Presently he sidled up to me, and with his arms akimbo dug at me sideways with one elbow, and grinned into my face.

"Protector of the poor, and the weak, and the helpless—eh?" he taunted. "A sort of elderly Cupid, setting out in the world fully equipped save for the wings. Tell me, Cupid—what plot is hatching? What are they going to do—these lovers?"

"I didn't know they were lovers," I replied. "I thought you'd seen to that."

"And I have," he exclaimed, with sudden heat. "You may be sure of that. The boy may fly into tantrums, and the girl may sulk and cry—but the poor folks can't do anything. I hold the moneybags, and I can afford to let these people weep, and gnash their teeth, and cry out against me; I shall have my own way in the long run."

"You always do, you know," I reminded him, slyly.

"Of course I do, Tinman," he assented. "But won't you tell me what plot's afoot, or what the simpletons think of doing? What's the game; do they kill me first, and run away together afterwards—or is old Savell to be brought to his knees—or what's the game?"

"I don't know of any game," I said. "As you have already said, the game's in your hands, and I expect you'll win it in the long run."

"Of course I shall," he cried quickly. "Only you're a devilish sly fox, and I'm rather suspicious that you may be thinking of playing tricks. For your own sake, Tinman, you'd better not."

So soon as he had dismissed me I went off to try and find Barbara. My position in the house did not make that an easy task; for she was with her father, and I had no excuse for breaking in upon them. I went into the grounds at last, in the hope that she might come out there, and that I might have a chance to speak to her. But I had to wait for a long time before she came towards me, trailing through the dead leaves dejectedly enough. I watched her out of sight of the house, and then went towards her.

She seemed glad to see me—grateful for what I had done, and eager to thank me again. I urged upon her the necessity for seeing young Millard at the earliest possible moment, and making some arrangement with him.

"I dare not go away from the house," she said, glancing at its windows through the trees. "I am watched everywhere, and I might bring fresh trouble upon you. After last night, Tinman, I am afraid to see those two men together."

I thought for a moment or two, and then turned quickly to her. "I can see him," I said, "and arrange with him what is best to be done. I'll slip down into the town and try to find him. You must get away, both of you; there is nothing else to be done." I was as eager as a boy about it; I wanted to see them running off into the world, hand in hand, to face it together.

"Go to him then," she said, "and tell him that I will do anything and everything he suggests. Only pray him, for the love of God, to let it be soon. I cannot stay much longer in this house."

I had just begun to assure her that I would slip away at the earliest opportunity when a change in her face warned me that some one was approaching us; I turned guiltily, and saw, not a dozen yards away, the man Dawkins, as smiling as ever, lighting a cigaret. I did not know where he had sprung from, nor how long he had seen us talking together; from his appearance he might have been taking an aimless stroll through the grounds, and so have lighted upon us suddenly.

"Good morning, Miss Savell," he said, ignoring me, and waving a hand to the girl. "We've been disconsolate without you—wondering what had happened to you, and all that sort of thing."

"I have been with my father," she replied hastily, making a movement toward the house. "You will not forget, Tinman," she called back to me, as though reminding me of some order she had given me.

"No, miss; I will not forget," I said. I watched her as she walked back to the house, with Dawkins strolling beside her, evidently talking airily as he waved his cigaret.

It must have been an hour after that and I had not yet found an opportunity to get away, when Murray Olivant summoned me, and told me he was starting at once for London. I found him in a room with Dawkins—the latter was seated in an armchair, reading a newspaper and smoking; he took no notice of Olivant or myself. Olivant, for his part, seemed worried about something; mentioned to me quite confidentially that he had decided to go to to London that day on account of some sudden business he had forgotten. He was quite cordial with me; told me to put a few things together in a bag, as he did not expect to be back that night.

I saw in a moment in this the golden opportunity for which we were all waiting. With Olivant out of the way we might do anything; for I did not reckon Dawkins in the matter at all. If I thought about him in any way, it was as an amiable fool, who had nothing to do with the matter.

I packed the bag, and then quite naturally suggested that I should carry it to the station in the town. Olivant thanked me quite cordially, and said he should be glad; and I laughed to think how easily and naturally I was going to get down into the town of Hammerstone Market, to find young Arnold Millard. I think I rather despised Murray Olivant for being so simple over the matter.

"Why don't you come with me, Dawkins?" asked Olivant at the last moment as we were starting. "There's nothing for you to do here, you know."

"No, thanks," growled the other from behind his paper. "I'm jolly comfortable."

"Oh, all right," retorted his friend. "Ring the bell if you want anything; Tinman will look after you."

We set off to walk to the station; I understood from Olivant that there was a train he would quite easily catch. I wondered what he would say when he returned from London on the following day, and discovered, as in all probability he would, that the two poor birds he was trying to crush had flown. I was quite exultant over the way things were playing into my hand; I found myself mapping out in my mind exactly what I should say to him when on his return he should demand an explanation.

He had some ten minutes to wait when we reached the station; he lit a cigar, and began to pace up and down the platform, with his mind evidently bent on the expedition before him. I stood obediently near his bag, waiting to hand it to him when the train should arrive, and going over in my own mind how I should set about the task before me. Suddenly Olivant strolled towards me, watch in hand.

"You'd better not wait, Tinman," he said, more kindly than he had spoken yet. "It's a cold morning, and there's no necessity for you to stand about here. Thanks for carrying the bag; I can manage with it now."

"I don't mind waiting in the least," I began; but he pushed me away good-naturedly.

"Nonsense; get off with you!" he cried. "And don't forget what I told you about being watchful," he added in a lower tone, and with his hand on my shoulder. "Not one alone, mind—but everybody."

I went out of the station, and took my way down into the town. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards when I heard the whistle of the train in the distance; I stood still in the little High street, pleasing myself with the thought of how at this moment Olivant was opening a carriage door, and now was in the carriage ready for his journey to London, and that I was free. I laughed to myself, and turned round, and went on my way in search of Arnold Millard.

I failed to find him at the little hotel in the town; they told me there that he had gone out, and would probably not be back until much later in the day. I chafed at the delay, because I knew that time was of value, and whatever had to be done must be done before Olivant returned. While I was standing in the High street wondering what I should do, I felt a touch upon my arm, and turned, to see Jervis Fanshawe standing beside me. He beckoned to me mysteriously, and I followed him down a little lane which turned off from the main street of the town, and led down among some tumbledown cottages. There he stopped, and fronted me, with a nervous grin upon his face.

"Well, Brother Derelict," he said, "and how are things going with our friend? What takes Murray Olivant to London just now?"

"Business," I replied, shortly. "He won't be back until tomorrow."

"And in the meantime you plot mischief—eh?" he suggested. "Oh, I know you—and I know what you mean to do—and I don't blame you. Serve the brute while it pays you, but work behind his back all the same. That's the ticket."

"I don't understand you," I replied, looking at him steadily. "I've just seen Mr. Olivant off at the station, and I'm now going back to my duties at the house."

"Exactly," he sneered, as he thrust his face into mine. "And that was the reason that you went into the George just now, and so anxiously inquired concerning the whereabouts of our young friend Millard—eh? I was in the bar at the side, and heard every word. Idiot!—why can't you be more candid with me? I only want to work with you; I'm not against you."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied. "At all events, I mean to do whatever is in my mind solely on my own account. I'm fighting now not only for the boy, but for my own dead boyhood, away back in the past. It won't be wise of you if you attempt to stop me."

"My dear Charlie, I'd be the last to stop you," he asserted, seizing my hand and giving it a squeeze. "We work together; our interests are the same. Trust me, Charlie—you'll never regret it."

"I don't intend to trust anyone," I said. Then, in an incautious moment, I added exultantly—"I mean to snatch both these young people out of the clutches of Olivant; I mean to set them free. And not you nor all the world shall prevent me."

"My dear boy, I wouldn't prevent you, even if I could. It won't be half a bad thing to do; I shall be quite pleased for you to take a rise out of Murray Olivant; I hate the man."

"Your feelings have changed somewhat too rapidly," I said. "I won't trust you, Fanshawe."

"Well, I'll help you, whether you like it or not," he said with a laugh. "Young Millard has gone down into the woods. I followed him there not an hour ago."

I looked at the man doubtfully; I did not know what to believe. I was so utterly alone in this business of plotting and counterplotting, and I wanted so much to rely on some one for help and advice. I decided, however, that I would have nothing to do with him; with a nod I turned away.

"You'll be sorry," he called after me. "I could help you if you'd let me."

I took no notice of him; I went on my way steadily. I began even to regret that I had made that bombastic speech to him about snatching the two young people out of the clutches of Murray Olivant. I saw that there was the more need for hurry; I went on with long strides toward the wood.

After a long search I found the boy; he was making rough sketches of a part of the wood, not with any serious intention to work, I am convinced, but because he hoped that Barbara might pass that way. I stole upon him unawares; suddenly presented myself before him, and blurted out what I wanted to say.

"Mr. Millard, I have been looking for you everywhere," I said. "It is on account of Miss Barbara Savell."

He turned to me quickly. "Do you come from her?" he asked.

"Yes—and—no," faltered. "Last night, after you had gone, the man Olivant tried to insult her; I was so lucky as to be in the way—and I—I stayed near her for the rest of the night. You must take her away from that house at once."

"I'll go to the house first, and see Olivant," he exclaimed fiercely, as he began to pack up his things. "Tried to insult her, did he?" While he spoke he was savagely tugging at straps and buckles, in a violent hurry to start.

"Stop!" I entreated. "In the first place, Olivant is not there; he's gone to London."

"Are you sure?" He looked up at me quickly.

"I have seen him start myself." I assured him. "This is your opportunity; let him come back to find the bird flown. If the child were here, she would be able to explain to you so much better than I can—would be able to tell you that I am her friend and yours—fighting for you both, for a reason you will never understand. You must take her away, out of that frightful house; you must marry her—and face the world with her."

"Why—has she told you—about me?" He had got to his feet and was looking at me curiously. "What has she told you?"

"That she loves you," I replied simply. "I that am but a poor servant—a nobody in the world—tell you this, and beg you with all the strength that is in me to take her away. She will go gladly; she will make your life what it could never be without her."

"You're a strange man," he said wonderingly. "But if she trusts you—well, so will I. What is best to be done?"

"There is another man in the house—left behind by Olivant," I replied eagerly—"and he will have his instructions, no doubt, to be on guard. If you will wait till darkness sets in, I will arrange that Miss Barbara shall slip out of the house, and meet you where you like. It must be tonight; tomorrow will be too late."

"Why could she not come earlier?" demanded the boy. "There is the rest of the day before us; surely she could slip away?"

"And be called for by her father, or watched and followed by the man Dawkins," I reminded him. "No; if she slips away after her father and Dawkins have settled down for the evening, there will be time for you to get to the junction, and get a train from there to London; she will not be missed for hours—perhaps not till morning—and then pursuit would be useless. Give me a message to her, and I will go back at once and deliver it."

"Could you not manage to bring her to me, Tinman?" he suggested suddenly. "If they were watching, it would not do for me to come too near the house, and I do not like the thought of her wandering about in the darkness by herself."

"Yes, I could do that easily," I replied, "as Olivant is away. But you must arrange a meeting-place."

"I will be at the point on the road where the path leaves it to enter this wood," he said, after a moment's thought. "I can stand back among the trees there, and watch you coming. I will not leave that spot until you come, however late it is. The rest must be a matter of chance. If we can't reach the junction in time for the train, I'll find a cottage somewhere, and some good woman into whose hands I can put the girl. I'll write a note to her now, just to tell her that she is to put herself in your hands."

He tore a sheet of paper from his sketch-book, and rapidly wrote. "That is just to tell her that I will be waiting, and that you are to bring her to me," he said, as he folded the paper and give it to me. "Some day, Tinman, my dear wife and I will be able to thank you. I wish I knew why you have done this."

"Perhaps some day you will know that, too," I replied, as I thrust the paper into my pocket. "I shall be at the spot you mention at about eight o'clock."

I went back to the house, and was fortunate enough to find Barbara at once. She was crossing the hall, and I stopped her eagerly, and began to whisper the message, even while I fumbled clumsily in my pockets for the note.

"I've seen Mr. Millard, and he has arranged everything," I began. "You are to meet tonight at the end of the path leading into the wood—"

"Yes, I shall want you to wait at lunch, Tinman," she broke in loudly, and drawing away a little. I knew at once that we had a listener; as I bowed and turned away, I saw Dawkins standing in the doorway of the dining room. He smiled with that dazzling smile of his at Barbara; transferred the smile to me when he asked me to be good enough to get him a whisky and soda. There was nothing for it but for me to turn away; I saw his eyes following me, and I knew that I dared not pass the note to the girl then. As she moved away a little, however, I went after her with a quick—"Excuse me, miss," and whispered again: "Be ready at eight at the outer gate of the grounds. I will be there to take you."

I strove during the remainder of that day to deliver that twisted scrap of paper I had in my pocket; but I was balked on every occasion. Now it was Savell who came suddenly upon us as I was approaching Barbara; now it was Dawkins strolling about the house, and bringing his smile to bear suddenly around a corner. Once when I went to her room I found it empty, and I dared not leave the thing there. The day wore on and I was counting the hours until the moment should arrive when I could meet her in the grounds.

It was more than half-past seven, and the house was very still, when I thought I heard a noise in one of the rooms above. Thinking it might be Barbara moving about and that here was the opportunity to speak to her, I stole cautiously up stairs. The sound came from Murray Olivant's bedroom; I opened the door quickly and walked in. Some one was standing at the further side of the room, in the dim light that came through the windows; but before I could see who it was I felt myself seized in a powerful grip from behind, and forced to my knees. I was too surprised even to cry out, but I had a vague idea that something dreadful had happened to me and to my schemes, when the figure at the end of the room twisted quickly around and turned up the gas, which had been burning as a mere tiny speck of light. Then I saw that the man was Murray Olivant.

I was going to cry out in earnest then, with some vague idea of raising an alarm, when I felt a twisted cloth forced into my mouth and tied tightly behind; my arms were already secured. So I remained on my knees, helpless; I turned my head and saw Dawkins standing beside me, smiling as delightfully as ever.

"Thank you, Dawkins," said Murray Olivant, with a nod; "that was rather neatly done. Now, will you have the goodness to run through his pockets, and see if you can find anything?"

I made a feeble attempt to struggle, but it was useless. The deft fingers of Mr. Dawkins swiftly brought to light the note that young Millard had written but a few hours before; he tossed it across to Olivant. The latter opened it slowly, and read what was written there by the light of the gas jet. Then he turned to me and shook his head.

"Oh, you sly devil!" he said in a whisper.

(Continued Next Week.)

FROCK COATS IN CONGRESS

Congress is eliminating the frock coat habit. More than half the members of the new congress have shown their disapproval of the time-honored costume by appearing on the floor of the house in the regulation business suit of tweed. Red and lavender neckties can poll a larger vote than the somber black string tie, and old members, loyal to the frock coat and its accessories, are discussing with dismair the future of congressional tan shoes.

These sartorical belligerents declare that the revolt against the unwritten law concerning the frock coat habit is chiefly in the interests of comfort. Whether the regulation statesman's garb would be a matter of pride with them in questioning whether they would appear to better personal advantage in solemn black or most becoming blue, they insist, is a matter of secondary consideration.

Fear expressed by members of the house for the doom of the frock coat has already disturbed the equanimity of the senate by the appearance of a couple of belligerents in the ranks of this black-coated body.

The battle between tweeds and broadcloth, black and lavenders, giddy waistcoats and Henry Clay conservatives, top hats and soft has been aggravated by the general youthfulness of the new members, who, with wardrobes larger than a Newport bride, declare they are prepared to fight the issue to a finish.

Many members object to the regulation dress because of their faith in the new scientific color theories, and men who wear red waistcoats because they favor them told how gray sack coat suits is not a matter of choice. It is a necessity, he says, because he never found a tailor who had cloth enough of one kind to make him a frock coat suit.—Washington Star.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHERE SCIENCE IS BAFFLED.

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 5 Is "The Word Made Flesh." John 1:1-18.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is an occasion for taking off one's workaday hat in reverence, and for putting on one's thinking cap in contemplation. Here is a theme—studied by 25 millions of Sunday school members—which may be followed further than the day's news leads; and further than science has yet been able to carry its candle of reason—back, indeed, to the very beginning of beginnings. So we may square our shoulders for a great task, if we are equal to it.

The "yellow" scientist breaks into the Sunday supplement of the newspaper every few weeks to affirm that he has discovered the secret of life. At first, these assertions attracted some attention from the serious reviews and the scientific papers; now, nobody pays any particular heed to them. All that the world really knows about the beginnings of life it finds in this oft-assailed old Book, which alone dares to start its record confidently with "In the beginning." Those are the first words of the Fourth Gospel, Genesis says, "In the beginning, God;" John says, "In the beginning was the Word."

Knowing the Beginner.

It is a very simple faith, but a sufficient one, that, while the scientists were not on hand at the beginning, God was. He has not seen fit to reveal all his processes; but assured of the Creator, we do not trouble about his methods of creation. Science is baffled by the work; faith is content to know the Worker. This is the first great affirmation of revelation concerning the region about which science is silent; namely, God was there.

Nor was it merely as a cosmic process, a natural law, a vital force, that God worked in the dim dawn of beginnings. He was there in personality. He is no evolution. As he is now, so He was then. God was there in His Creatorship and in His fatherhood and in His Sonship, counseling together. "Let us make," John's mystic phrase. "In the beginning was the Word," is merely a Greek metaphysical way of saying that where the Father was, there was the Son also. All that God did, Jesus shared.

This unequivocal and oft-repeated assertion of the very deity of Jesus is the major theme of John's volume. He expressly says that he wrote the book in order that the reader might believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and believing, might have life in Him. It is an invigorating intellectual as well as spiritual exercise, in these days of hazy humanitarianism and nebulous pantheism, to study the witness of John to the deity of the Lord whose best earthly friend he had been. The latest of the gospels, this book was written in the author's old age, after he had gained the perspective of years, and had come to see, through constant pondering upon the one grand theme, what was most essential in that peerless life.

An Echo of Christmas.

The notes of the Christmas bells still vibrate in the air as they sounded over the earth "Emmanuel"—God with us. This is the second proposition of John. In the mysterious regions of chaos, before time began, Jesus was. That first; equally emphatic is his assertion that "The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." Jesus was very God; but he also was very man, treading the hills of Judea and the shores of Galilee, in familiar human intercourse with his humble friends.

To whom this author designates as "the Word" was "the man Christ Jesus." This is a truth for the times. Our day does not want speculative philosophy. It wants its religion incarnate in a Person, who can be touched with a feeling of its infirmities, who can bear its sorrows and carry its griefs; who has been tempted in all points like as it is tempted, and who, in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, is able to succor them that are tempted.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet, A present help is He."

That is the Lord whom a weary world craves. It can apprehend the Son of God who was also the Son of Mary.

The Final Test.

The other day in Atlanta, I met a big, forceful, happy railroad engineer, who is one of the countless final proofs of this gospel which John sets forth. Tom Harrison's story is too long to tell here, but the bare outlines are these: A stream of profanity so terrific that it shocked his fireman led the latter to remonstrate with Tom, although the fireman himself was not a Christian. The two men in overalls shook hands on a compact to cut out profanity, and to search out religion. Then followed a quest as romantic in its way as the search of the Magi for the Bethlehem Babe. They looked into several churches and isms. But their hearts were not satisfied. At length, in a beautiful church on Atlanta's most fashionable thoroughfare, they found "the old-time religion."

"Say, Parson, this thing's great! It's immense!" declared Tom, after he had begun to "taste and see." With dogged determination, the sturdy engine-driver went all the way in pursuit of Christ, arriving at great happiness and consecration. He began to tell to his fellows his new-found joy. Before he knew it, he had a reputation as the engineer evangelist, for he still sticks to his engine. Recently he held a Sunday meeting at which by the co-operation of the superintendent, every crew on that branch road was present except one. Many of the railroad men have become Christians, and the line is gaining the unique distinction of being a railroad operated without profanity. Tom Harrison and his fellows who have followed him in the New Way, have gained the final proof of the divinity of Jesus, as indicated by John—"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men . . . As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God."

A Hint from Heathendom.

That is the unanswerable argument. A bookman can tangle the average Christian all up on the subject of comparative religions, making it appear that Buddhism or Confucianism is quite as good as Christianity. But ask him what kind of lives these religions have produced, and at once he is speechless. For the complete vindication of the gospel in heathen lands is that it does transform life. This is the supreme Christian apologetic. I have seen hundreds of men and women on the mission field who have been made new in their characters, conduct, state of mind and state of heart by this mysterious, imparted life of Jesus. John's teaching is attested by experience; He saw Jesus through the medium of his affections, and so he portrayed him as a life and a light.

"It is the heart, and not the brain, That to the highest doth attain."

With his tendency to employ the big words of human speech, John audaciously calls Jesus the "light" as well as "life." We sing about Christ as "the Light of the World," little thinking, though, how He is the light that has been shining at the Hague, that has been illuminating earth's dark places, that has been warming into life and growth the backward peoples, and that has brought new brightness into the lot of the poor and oppressed. The theme of Christ as the light of the world is a large and engrossing one.

The Saddest Words.

Every great life must have its tragedy; that is one of the factors that go to make up its greatness. The tragedy in the life of the world's greatest Man is set forth graphically in this prologue to John's book—"He came unto His own, and they that were His own received Him not." Are there any sadder words in all literature than these? He who is acclaimed as the whole world's only hope, the greatest leader and champion of humanity, was rejected by those whom he most loved.

Nothing can heal that wound. The heart lives in its affections. The whole world may be ringing with a man's plaudits, but if the faces of his dearest are turned from him, the praise of mankind is only mockery. One word of affectionate approval from those we love is more weighty than the honors of the multitudes. When we think of Jesus as "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," we should first recall that "He came unto His own, and they that were His own received Him not." Never did the sword of unappreciation pierce more deeply or wound more sorely.

Audaciously and unequivocally John dares to make answer to mankind's eternal question concerning God. He declares that Jesus is the answer to all queries about God. As the closing verse of the lesson expresses it, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." They who know Jesus, know God. All that is possible for mortal to learn concerning the Infinite is expressed in Him whom God calls the "Word." If Jehovah were to try again to reveal himself to the world, he could do no more than he has done through the Son of Mary.

GEN. MILES' LONG RIDE.

Lest "exaggerated ego" attack the army officers who have participated in the fifteen-mile horseback rides ordered by President Roosevelt, without falling by the wayside, it might be well to call public attention again to the famous ninety-mile ride taken by General Nelson A. Miles just prior to his retirement in 1903.

General Miles was sixty-four years old when he took this ride, but he covered the ninety-mile stretch between Fort Sill, Ind. T., and Fort Reno, Okla., in just nine hours and ten minutes—a record which makes the two hour and a half canter of the "swivel-chair" officers sink into insignificance.

The desire on the part of the doughty general to show the President that he was in perfect physical condition and well able to go through again, if necessary, the strenuous campaign of his youth, led him to take the ride.

The start was made from Fort Sill at 5 o'clock in the morning of July 14, 1903. General Miles was accompanied by Captain Syre, of the Eighth cavalry. When they left the fort the weather was cool, but a few hours later it became intensely hot. Despite the heat, dust and other discomforts of the trip, the general finished as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

The ride was made in ten-mile relays, soldiers stationed along the line furnishing fresh horses. Luncheon took twenty minutes, and it is estimated that fifty minutes were spent in changing mounts and other small delays. Thus the actual time the general was in the saddle amounted to eight hours.

He showed no signs of weariness, however, when he dismounted, and forty minutes after he reached Fort Reno he reviewed the troops stationed there.

Speaking of the ride to the commandant of the post, General Miles said:

"I enjoyed every moment of the trip, and there was one time that I felt particularly good. That was when I came up to the men who had charge of the pack teams, just south of Canadian river. They had lunch ready, and I enjoyed it with them; it made me feel extra good."

It might be mentioned here—just to show how paltry the "fifteen-mile riders' claim for fame are—that the first thirty-five miles of General Miles' ride were covered in two hours and twenty-five minutes, or five minutes less than it took the "swivel-chair" officers to ride half the distance.

The fact that General Miles has always been known as the most graceful and expert horseman in the United States does not detract from the merit of his performance, for ninety miles on horseback at sixty-four years of age is, as slangy folks say, certainly "going some." It is on about a par with the 160-ride over the roughest country in northern Montana, which the general, then a colonel and brevet major general, took during the Nez Perces Indian uprising.—New York Herald.

PLAGUE AND FLEAS.

The part played by fleas in the spread of the plague is dealt with in an able manner by "J. W. W. S." in Nature. A Latin writer, Avicenna, is quoted to show that about the year 1000 it was known that there was some definite connection between rats and plague. In more recent years it has been a matter of common observation in India that in times of plague a large number of dead rats are found. And these are found to contain the plague bacilli in abundance. In 1898 Simond expressed the view that in the majority of cases the plague was conveyed from the rat to man through the agency of the flea. Experiments which he tried with fleas from rats dead of the plague showed how this is possible. Other experimenters have obtained similar results, while others have been rather led to doubt Simond's generalization.—London Globe.

ANTS IN SURGERY.

In Asia Minor ants are used as surgical stitches in sewing up wounds. The species of ant used is remarkable for its long and strong mandibles. So when the edges of the wound have been brought together the ant is held toward it in a pair of forceps. Its extended mandible being brought into the right position, it promptly bites through the flesh on both sides. Its head is then cut off, the mandibles remaining as a surgical stitch. As many as from fifteen to twenty ants may thus be used for a single wound. They are allowed to remain in for three or four days, and are said to be more easily withdrawn than the usual stitches of wire. —Montreal Standard.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Editor Farmstead: Please allow me to ask the readers of your columns what to do in the case of my cow. She has been giving good milk and making splendid butter. She was fresh in February. About five or six weeks ago her milk began to taste strong and bitter, after it was about 24 hours old, and it became almost impossible to churn. The cream all went to foam; was difficult to gather, and was strong and bitter. I feed middlings mostly. An early answer will oblige.—H., Salineville, O.

I would feel grateful if some reader would tell me how to proceed to blow up rocks of from one to five tons in weight with dynamite. I have tried to crack them by placing a one-pound stick under the center of the rock and tamping the dirt around the stick, but it would only lift the rock out of the ground, without breaking it at all.—W., Prattsburg, N. Y.

For Chilblains.

Editor Farmstead: Here is a remedy for chilblains that I can remember: Take black gunpowder, about a good musket-load, put it in a pile on the floor, and hold the part that is frostbidden within an inch or two and over it; then touch off the powder with a match. This is sure death to a chilblain and no harm to the patient.—S., Mears, Mich.

Destroying Pocket-Gophers.

The Agricultural Experiment Station of the Kansas State Agricultural college sends out the following bulletin, written by Theo. H. Scheffer, assistant zoologist:

The alarming increase in the numbers of pocket-gophers the past season and their rapid spread to new territory calls for more persistent and concerted action on the part of farmers in infested districts of the state. This press bulletin will be followed by a fuller treatment of the subject in a regular bulletin of the station now ready for the printer. It is hoped that those who are interested in the matter will send in their names to the department unless they are already on the regular mailing list of the college.

We have two species of the pocket-gopher to contend with in Kansas, but, as their habits and methods of attack on cultivated crops are very similar, the same general discussion and recommendations will apply to both. The prairie pocket-gopher is the large and darker colored species. It is common over eastern and central Kansas as far west as the ninety-eighth meridian. Correspondence and numerous trips to the parts of this range during the past few years have developed the fact that the species is rapidly increasing, largely on account of the increase in acreage of alfalfa. The area of greatest infestation includes the valley of the Kaw and the regions drained by the main streams entering it from the eastern species along the common border of their respective territories. It also ranges down the Arkansas valley for some distance below the great bend. The species shows a color adaptation to the lighter sandy soil of the region. It throws up smaller mounds of earth than the eastern form.

While the interests of the potato grower, truck cropper and orchardist suffer somewhat from the depredations of the pocket-gopher, it is the alfalfa raiser who has the most grounds for complaint. That crop furnishes the ideal conditions of an easy life for the gopher. The ground is not plowed up for a period of years, and the roots of the plant are thick and succulent, penetrating also deep into the soil, where they may be reached by the burrowing animal even in mid-

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GOOD LUCK CHARMS,

Trinkets Women Display on Chains and Neck laces.

Hardly a woman who loves pretty trinkets is now without a lucky charm on her watch chain or necklace. One woman who has a collection of charm pendants strung at intervals along her watch chain said about them.

"New York is full of swastika crosses," she said as she showed a square silver cross. "Mine came from Mexico."

This Italian; a charm against the evil eye. She twisted her chain to the next pendant, a little coral hand. Its thumb, third and fourth fingers were folded down over the palm. The index and little fingers were extended. Italians believe that these little hands keep off the evil eye.

"You can get hands in any shop that makes a specialty in Italian jewelry. I know a woman who has a necklace chain hung with a row of them.

"Here's a lucky charm from our own south, a hare's foot mounted in silver.

"China is all for the elephant as a lucky charm. In the Oriental shops there is no end to the array of pendant elephant charms.

"Most of them come in ivory, but there are also many in coral, crystal, amethyst, jade and chrysoprase. In many of the charms the eyes of the elephant are set with tiny sparkling gems.

"It is hard to know where to stop when one tries to make a charm from among the many fascinating ones made of jade—the Chinese lucky stone. As it is the stone itself that brings good luck great scope in design opens for the charm maker. I chose this sprightly flounder fish curled into a circle and, to resist this little squat idol, or this group of the three mystic monkeys—see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. One monkey is blindfolded, the other claps his ears, the third has his finger on his lip.

"Four leafed clovers enclosed in crystal make popular charms. You can have the four leafed clover you are lucky enough to find yourself mounted in this way. The crystal may be rimmed with silver or gold."—New York Sun.

A FORGETFUL BOY.

Forgetfulness in an adult is inexcusable, but in a boy it is often laughable. Here is a case that amused me, says a writer in Forest and Stream:

While visiting with a relative in the middle west not long ago I took advantage of the close proximity of a lake to try for small mouth black bass. My host's son, a boy of 10, asked to go along, and got out a rather elaborate outfit while we were awaiting breakfast; a good lancewood rod, reel and line and a small can of worms from the back yard.

While we walked to the lake he told me of other fishing trips, breaking off suddenly to exclaim, "Now, what do you think of that? I forgot my reel and line. You go right on and I will catch up with you in a minute."

Back he sprinted to the house, returning with the precious reel and line, and we walked on to the lake. I was stringing up my rod when I again heard a boyish explosion of wrath.

"Now, what do you think of that? I forgot to bring my hooks."

And leaving the rod lying on the ground he disappeared again. This time he was gone longer than before, but his favorite exclamation foretold more trouble.

"What is it now?" I asked.

"Why, I forgot the key."

His mother had said she was going out for the day and had given me the key to the house. Not knowing that she had departed between her small son's visits, I had not mentioned the necessity for the key. But the next time the boy came back he had made good all lapse of memory, and attaching a frisky worm on a small hook made his way out on a rickety boat landing and had caught and landed three small sunfish ere I had captured my first bass.

When I urged that the "sunnies" were too small, he put them back with a murmured, "That's what father always tells me." But I think he caught those three little fellows over and over again, for he was constantly holding up a little one and inquiring, "Look, is this big enough?" putting it back gently when I protested.

Then along came another small boy with a "Hello, Tom! whose pole?"

"Mine; whose do you think it is?"

"Let me try it, Tom. Got any worms?"

"Of course I have—not many, though, 'cause those sunnies I caught took nearly all my bait."

"What sunnies? I don't see any."

"Course you don't 'cause I put 'em back. Think I keep minnows?" this in the most injured tone imaginable.

"Say, Tom, you dig some more worms and I'll show you how to catch some big fellows."

"All right, Fred, you can try it a while," and away he sped toward an old house where, according to Fred, big fat worms were abundant. Back he came with his invariable "What do you think of that?" but while he had forgotten his bait can, he had two handfuls of wriggliers, which Fred appropriated and sent his friend for more.

Fred was a little rascal, for every time Tom reappeared he kept him back with some excuse while he clung to the rod. He objected, too, to putting little sunfish back, and both boys danced a jig when Fred yanked out a small bass that was just over the legal line. This required a half hour of Tom's time to arrange a string and a bit of willow to hold the fish securely in the water. Meanwhile I had worked away along shore and back again, to find that Fred had persuaded Tom to keep all the sunnies captured, mainly, I think, to keep Tom occupied stringing them while Fred wielded the borrowed rod. Then the bait was exhausted twice, and the good-natured Tom who refilled the little can. At last I protested and Fred reluctantly returned the rod to its owner and started homeward, though his friend begged him to dig just a few worms." But no, he would not, and my little companion learned one of the great lessons of life in the unlikeness of others.

Tom added some fair-sized sunfish to his string, tying them to the painter of a boat lying alongside the dock. Presently a man came along, entered the boat and rowed away across the lake. Tom was busy at the time digging more worms and I did not know about the fish. When he landed his next one, however, he called to me:

"Say, what do you think of that? I tied my fish to that boat and the fellow went and rowed away with them, and I never thought about them."

QUESTION BUREAU?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. The editor of the Bureau is not required to give the address of any person or firm, nor to answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving doctrine, or of Bible interpretation; no requests for coins or stamps; no arithmetical or problematical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Santa Claus.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell where and how the name Santa Claus originated?—W. H. S., Zumbo Falls, Minn.

The name Santa Claus, or Klaus, is an adaptation, for a of the Dutch, Sant Niklaas, or Nicholaas, or Klaas. It is the Dutch name of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of children, and dispenser of gifts. Saint Nicholas lived about 300 A. D. He was a bishop of Myra, Lycia, Asia Minor. He is a prominent saint of the Greek church. He owes his position as Santa Claus to the legend that he wished to preserve the three daughters of a poor nobleman from dishonor when the father, having no money for marriage portions, was about to force them to support themselves by a degrading life. St. Nicholas, passing the house at night, threw a purse in at an open window for three nights in succession, thus furnishing a dowry for each daughter. On the third night the nobleman watched for and discovered him, but the saint made him promise not to reveal his munificence. From this instance is said to be derived the custom of placing gifts in the shoes or stockings of children, and attributing the gifts to Santa Claus.

Battle of the Alamo

Editor Question Bureau: To settle a dispute tell me about the surrender of the Alamo, in 1836, how many were butchered, their names; also what became of the woman and child found in the fort at that fight?—H. H. G., Winnebago, Minn.

There was no surrender of the Alamo; it was a massacre and no chance to surrender was offered. We cannot give the names of the slain, but cut this out for question. The fort was held by about 140 men under William B. Travis, and on February 23, 1836, was invested by a considerable Mexican army (probably about 4,000) under Santa Anna, who at once began a bombardment scarcely intermitted for the next ten days. The little garrison, compelled to man the defenses day and night, and too few to relieve each other, sent desperate appeals to their outside comrades for help; but to break through the dense Mexican forces was so difficult that the only reinforcement received was 32 men on the 1st of March. At last a breach was made in the walls, and shortly after daylight on the 6th a general assault was ordered. Twice the storming party were repulsed with heavy loss of life; the third time they gained the parapet and entered the inclosure. Worn with fatigue and privation, the Texans fought to the finish, and there were no prisoners. These were taken prisoners and promptly put to death. Three women, two white children and a negro boy were the sole survivors of about 180 inmates. What afterwards became of these we do not know. Santa Anna admitted the Mexican loss at 70 killed and 300 wounded, but it is thought to have been greater.

General Andrew Jackson.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a short sketch of the life of Gen. Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory).—J. H. M., Harris, Mo.

Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was born March 15, 1767, on the border of North and South Carolina. He began his military career at the age of 13, at the battle of Hanging Rock. Occupations of a miscellaneous nature followed, and in 1788 he was a public prosecutor in the western district of North Carolina, now Tennessee. He was the first congressman from the state of Tennessee, and was later a United States senator. From 1798 to 1804 he was a judge of the state supreme court. His life as a planter, not infrequently checkquered with disputes and duels, was broken by the war of 1812. He commanded the Southwestern troops against the Creeks, whom he overwhelmed at the Horse-Shoe bend of the Tallapoosa, March 27, 1814. He was made a major-general, stormed Pensacola, and held New Orleans against Pakenham's invasion. The sweeping victory, January 8, 1815, of his riflemen over the flower of the Peninsular army, made Jackson for all time an American hero of the country in general and of the Democratic party in particular. General Jackson's actions in Florida, capture of St. Marks in 1818, and summary execution of two British subjects, led to considerable discussion. He was appointed governor of Florida in 1821, and became United States senator in 1823. In 1824 he received 99 electoral votes for President, but was beaten in the house of representatives. Elected in 1828 over the President, he entered office in 1829. In 1832 he was re-elected over Clay. After his retirement he continued to be regarded as the leader of the party. He died at the "Hermitage" near Nashville.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell all you can about Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of A Lady of Quality.—S. M. K., Bergholz, O.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was born November 24, 1849, in Manchester, England, where she spent the first fifteen years of her life. After the death of her father her mother brought the family to America in 1865, and settled at New Market, a village in eastern Tennessee. A year later they removed to Knoxville, where, at the age of sixteen, she completed a story she had planned and partly written in her thirteenth year. She sent it to a Philadelphia magazine and was accepted and an early insertion promised, but as the editor offered no remuneration for it she reclaimed it and sent it to Godey's Lady's Book, where it was published in 1867, paid for and followed by other interesting short stories. Soon afterward she wrote frequently for Peterson's Magazine. Her first story to attract great attention was Surly Tim's Trouble, which appeared in Scribner's Monthly in 1872. She was immediately invited to furnish more stories, which she did. In 1873 Miss Hodgson married Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Knoxville, and after a visit to Europe they removed to Washington, D. C., which has since been their residence. The next work of importance by Mrs. Burnett was "That Lass o' Lowrie's," which was published in Scribner's Monthly, and obtained popularity, especially when it appeared in book form in 1877. It went through many editions in this country and in England, and has been repeatedly dramatized. Then followed other stories from the pen of this gifted woman, and finally Little Lord Fauntleroy, one of the sweetest stories for children in the English language. It was first published in St. Nicholas, and appeared in book form in 1886. The number of copies sold has been enormous. A dramatized version of it by its author won extraordinary success, both in England and America. Mrs. Burnett won a suit against an unauthorized dramatization of Fauntleroy in England. The decision of the court in this case for the first time gave authors of works published in that country the control of dramatic right in their stories. For succeeding in accomplishing such a ruling of the court the authors of England presented Mrs. Burnett an address and accompanied it with the gift of a diamond bracelet.

John Churchill.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a short sketch of John Churchill, duke of Marlborough.—E. T., Bowdon, Ga.

This English general and statesman was born in 1650, and his lines were early cast in pleasant places. At 12 he became page to the duke of York, by whom at 16 he was appointed an ensign. He was present at the siege of Tanglers, and soon after his return rose to the rank of captain. At the siege of Maestricht he distinguished himself so highly as to obtain the public thanks of the king of France. On his return to England he was made lieutenant colonel and his advancement was rapid. He had a regiment of dragoons presented to him, and strengthened his influence at court by his marriage with Sarah Jennings, an attendant upon the princess, afterward Queen Anne. In 1682 he obtained the title of baron of Aymouth, and on the accession of James II. was sent as ambassador to France, and soon after his return created Baron Churchill of Sandbridge, and raised to the rank of general. The same year he suppressed the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth. He joined the prince of Orange at Axminster, and was rewarded by the earldom of Marlborough and the appointment as the commander-in-chief of the Low Countries. The following year he served in Ireland, where he reduced Cork, Kinsale and other places. In 1691 he was suddenly dismissed from all his employments and committed to the tower on the charge of high treason, but soon obtained his release. On the death of Queen Mary he was made a privy councillor and appointed governor to the young duke of Gloucester, and in 1701 was created by King William commander-in-chief of the English forces in Holland and ambassador plenipotentiary to the states-general. On the accession of Queen Anne in 1702 he was created captain general of all the forces at home and abroad, and sent plenipotentiary to The Hague. There he was also made captain general by the states. In the campaign of the same year he drove the French out of Spanish Guilders, and took Liege and other towns, for which he was created duke of Marlborough. In 1704 he stormed the French and Bavarian lines at Donauworth, and in the same year, with Prince Eugene, gained the victory of Blenheim over the French and Bavarians. The nation voted him the manor of Woodstock and Blenheim palace. In the campaign of 1707 his antagonist was the famous Duc de Vendome, over whom he gained no advantage, and on his return home he found that his popularity was on the decline. In 1708, with Prince Eugene, he gained the battle of Ondenarde. In 1709 he defeated Marsnal Villars at Malplaquet, and in 1709 gained a second victory over Villars. During his absence a new ministry, hostile to himself, was chosen, and on his return his command was taken from him, and a prosecution commenced against him for applying public money to private purposes. He went to the Low Countries in 1712, but returned a short time before the queen's death, and on the accession of George I. was reinstated in the supreme military command. The general died at Blenheim June 16, 1722.

Christmas Holly.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a history of Christmas holly? Where does it grow? Why is it used at Christmas time?—R. W. K., Versailles, Ill.

We know of no special significance that attaches itself to the universal use of holly at Christmas, except that it is a beautiful plant for decorative purposes. The green leaves and red berries make a beautiful combination that could not be well replaced by any other plant. In making use of it for decorative purposes we are simply following a custom that was established ages ago. The poets have nearly all sung of it. Southey has asked, "When the bare and wintry woods we see, what, then, so cheerful as the holly tree?" Tennison says: "With trembling fingers did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth." Holly grows in Europe, America, the West Indies, South America and the Cape of Good Hope.

Polish for Dressed Stone.

Editor Question Bureau: In The Blade of Nov. 28, I. L., of Staunton, Va., asks for a recipe for putting a gloss on dressed stone. I send the following, which is used for cleaning marble tombstones:

Take 2 parts of soda, 1 of pumice-stone and 1 of finely powdered chalk; sift them through a fine sieve and mix into a paste with water; rub this well all over the marble and the stains will be removed; then wash with soap and water and a beautiful bright polish will be produced.

There is another recipe which calls for the use of muriatic acid, but I do not send it because the use of the acid spoils the marble, giving it a rough, frosted finish, and makes the marble soft and brittle. In my work as sexton I have seen a number of marble monuments spoiled with this acid wash.—E. W. W., Sullivan, O.

Popular Vote for President.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give the popular vote of all the candidates for President in 1896 and 1900.—W. M. K., Arendale, O.

The vote of 1896 was as follows: William McKinley, Republican, 7,107,304; William J. Bryan, Democrat, 6,287,352; William J. Bryan, Populist, 245,728; Joshua Levering, Prohibitionist, 130,753; Charles E. Bentley, National, 13,965; Charles H. Matchett, Socialist-Labor, 33,545; John M. Palmer, Gold Democrat, 133,542; total vote, 13,952,179.

The vote for 1900 was as follows: William McKinley, Republican, 7,207,886; William J. Bryan, Democrat, 6,358,076; John G. Woolley, Prohibitionist, 207,174; Eugene V. Debs, Social Democrat, 94,173; Wharton Barker, Populist, 49,787; Joseph F. Malloney, Socialist-Labor, 33,319; Seth H. Ellis, Union Reform, 5,993; P. R. Leonard, United Christian, 1,059; total, 13,956,672.

Aguinaldo.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of Aguinaldo.—J. M., Lynnville, Ind.

Emilio Aguinaldo was born in 1870; a Chinese mestizo, of Chinese and Tagalog parentage. His father was a planter, and he received his early education at the College of St. Jean de Lateran and the University of St. Tomas in Manila. Later he became the protege of a Jesuit priest, and was for a time a student in the medical department of the Pontifical University at Manila, but he had much trouble with the authorities and went to Hong-Kong. There he became interested in military affairs and gained a knowledge of warfare. He learned something of the French, English and Chinese languages together with various native tongues. He achieved a reputation for intelligence, ability, shrewdness and diplomacy, and had a personal magnetism which gave him influence among his countrymen. On the outbreak of the rebellion against Spanish authority in 1896 Aguinaldo became a commanding figure with the insurgents. He was at the head of the diplomatic party, which succeeded in making terms with the Spanish government, the latter paying a large sum to the Philippine leaders to lay down their arms. Aguinaldo quarreled with his associates in Hong-Kong over the division o. this money, and went to Singapore, where he came in contact with the United States consul shortly before the breaking out of the war between the United States and Spain. On the representations of the consul Commodore Dewey telegraphed to have Aguinaldo sent to him. The insurgent leader arrived at Cavite shortly after the battle of Manila Bay. Aguinaldo was given opportunity to organize the Filipinos in opposition to Spanish authority; but no promises were made to him and the insurgents were never officially recognized by the Americans. Friction early arose and the Americans protested against the cruel treatment of Spanish prisoners by the Filipinos. The strain became serious at the capture of Manila, the insurgents claiming the right to sack the city, which the Americans denied. On June 12, 1898, Aguinaldo organized a so-called Filipino republic with himself as president, but very soon proclaimed himself dictator. He protested against the Spanish-American treaty of peace, and claimed the independence of the islands. He organized an extensive conspiracy among the native population of Manila, and ordered the complete massacre of the Americans, together with the entire European population of the city, while at peace with them. The plot was discovered in time and failed. February 4, 1899, his forces attacked the American lines in the suburbs of Manila. The news of this act caused the prompt ratification of the Spanish-American treaty by the United States senate. Aguinaldo made a determined resistance to the Americans and the rainy season soon prevented the latter from following up their uniform successes in the open field; but early in 1900 the organized insurrection, which was chiefly confined to Tagalog nationality, was broken up, Aguinaldo driven into hiding, and was captured by General Funston at Palawan, Luzon, March 23, 1901. April 2 he took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Miscellaneous.

C. R. K., Dansville, N. Y.: There was a United Christian party in this country. Its candidate for president polled 1,059 votes in the election of 1900.

J. E., Decatur, Ind.: We can tell you nothing about the organization concerning which you inquire.

T. B., Shawanee, Tenn.: Thomas A. Edison is the inventor of the phonograph or "talking machine," as you call it.

W. W. J., Buckeye, Ariz.: Had the Pacific fleet been able to use the Panama canal on its trip to San Francisco, it would save a distance of about ten thousand miles.

A. W. C., Greenwich, N. Y.: George W. Peck was the author of the Peck's Bad Boy series of articles. He was never connected with The Blade. His home is in Milwaukee.

P. W., Stormer, Mich.: If you will read the Question Bureau of a few weeks ago you will find an article about clearing houses.

W. B. V., Payson, Utah: We cannot give you the sketch you want. Never heard of the name.

E. J. P., Douglas, Wyo.: Mr. New is elected chairman by members of the Republican national committee, he has no authority outside of that body.

B. B. A. M., Elizabeth W. Va.: Do you want a description of Yellowstone Park, or what?

A. K. S., Cambridge Springs, Pa.: The article you refer to concerning the soldiers' sanitarium, at Hot Springs, S. Dak., gave all the information we possess in regard to the institution. We can only suggest that you address a letter to the superintendent for information.

WHEN HE FOUND HER DUMB

Street Masher's Discomfiture Was Then Complete.

She had arrived in the city quite recently from the country, and had still much to learn. For instance, when she was told that she could not go for a walk alone after dark, as she had been accustomed to do in the primitive security of her birthplace, she smiled the superior smile of one who knows and is wont to follow her own wishes.

So she started out one evening with the intention of "dropping in" to see a friend for an hour's chat before bedtime. Brightly and blithely she skipped along, her head in the air. She made a pretty picture, and it was scarcely astonishing that she attracted the attention of other pedestrians, also out for enjoyment. One of these, a young man, thought it a pity that such unanimity of thought should not form a "trust combination." He approached her.

She affected not to see him at first, and hastened her steps. But he kept pace and finally tried to converse at the same time.

Then she remembered the advice she had disdained. Watching her opportunity she increased her walk to a run and sought refuge in a large building, the lights of which loomed ahead like a beacon of safety to a shipwrecked mariner. Without pausing to look where she was going, she rushed up a flight of steps that led to it and placed her hand on the bell. Before she could ring it, she was startled by an exclamation from her pursuer, who stood in the street below staring at the building with bulging eyes.

"That's one on me," he said, and he walked away as if he would like to leave the earth unseen.

Raising her eyes, she saw this inscription over the door:

"Home for the Deaf and Dumb!"—New York Evening Post.

WHERE BROOMS COME FROM

Best Made in Illinois—Brush From Kansas and Oklahoma.

"Illinois furnishes the aristocratic brooms for the world, the highest grade of brushes being grown in our state," said Valentine W. Kenger, a manufacturer of Chicago.

"Kansas produces the cheaper brush and most of it is shipped in bales to Illinois to be manufactured in the numerous broom factories. The broom corn district in Illinois is confined principally to the central section, the counties of Douglas, Coles and Moultrie producing nine-tenths of the total crop. It is estimated that the crop in the United States this season will aggregate 50,000,000 brooms, valued at fully $10,000,000.

"To move this great product would require 200 trains of over fifty cars each, aggregating 100 miles of brooms. The broom corn harvest has just ended in Central Illinois and material for 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 brooms was cut there this season. The brooms grown and manufactured in Illinois are the fancy kind that retail for from 25 to 40 cents.

"Down in Oklahoma they raise a coarser grade of brush, sufficient to manufacture about 25,000,000 brooms of the kind that sell for from 15 to 25 cents each. Kansas has about 5,000,000 brooms to its credit, and there is some brush grown in Missouri, Tennessee and Arkansas. Kansas favors a dwarf variety of broom corn, which is preferable for whiskbrooms. In fact, Kansas raises material for nearly all the whiskbrooms used in the United States.

"Nearly all the high grade brooms are consumed in this country, the exports being generally of the cheaper quality. The people of Europe in most instances stick to the old style brums of twigs. They look askance at the modern American broom."—Washington Herald.

CONCRETE IS KING.

Immense Profits in Portland Cement Stocks.

We are issuing a magnificent work of art on the Portland Cement Industry which will appeal particularly to those who desire the very best, gilt-edged, safe and profitable investment.

This invaluable book requires a million dollars in expenses and will be sent absolutely free to all present or future investors in Portland Cement Stocks by addressing Vincent & Company, 993 Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Mo.

PADEREWSKI WAS STUNG.

Paderewski is a man of most generous instincts, and hardly a month passes that he does not find himself the victim of some rascal, who gets at him with a pathetic tale, and is made the richer thereby. Paderewski takes all this rather philosophically, but he tells of an experience he had in Paris last spring that he has not recovered from yet. One morning, in his hotel, just as he was about to leave, a card was sent up bearing the name of M. Levovitch (which is not the name, but will do as well as the real one), the pianist, of Chicago and Berlin. Paderewski did not care to meet him, but he was a confrere, and he quickly told his faithful valet, Marcel, to show him in. A young man entered quickly and rushed up to him and grasped him by the hands and announced that he was sorely in need of aid. Paderewski's right hand went instinctively into his pocket, and he said, "How much do you want?" Then said Mr. Levovitch:

"My dear Mr. Paderewski, I am a pianist. You are a pianist. You have had luck. I have had none. You have money. I have none. But," he said, "you can make it possible for me to get money. All I need is 300 francs, and with these 300 francs I can give an afternoon musicale in the Hotel Continental, and that will get me engagements so I need not starve here in Paris."

Mr. Paderewski was a little taken aback by the size of the sum requested, but as M. Levovitch was a pianist, and came both from Chicago and Berlin, he finally said, "Well, I will give you the money." He took out three 100 franc notes from his pocketbook. He did not have time to give them to M. Lovovitch, because the pianist from Berlin and Chicago grabbed them from his hand and ran from the room, leaving the disgruntled Pole in a daze.

Paderewski felt that he had been stung, but he was not sure of it until a little later in the day. He had left his hotel and taken luncheon, which had cost him not quite three francs, when he strolled into the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, when a very smart victoria came by, in which he saw his pianistic friend from Chicago and Berlin, and with him a lady noticeable at least for her artificial charms.

Paderewski tells the story, he said he stood on the sidewalk and said to himself, "If I have not given to the world a good pianist, I have at least given a pianist a good time."

SUMNER OF YALE.

Prof. William Sumner of Yale has been interviewed and has made his remark about the recent so-called panic and its cause. Prof. Sumner is now teaching sociology, not economics, which is greatness to be deplored. The Yale men of a few years ago used to say that Billy Sumner was the best teacher they had in the college, and his books and his other writings have illuminated a good many minds. They are very clear, and Sumner made them interesting, so far as economics can be entertaining, he made it so. Probably in England, if he lived there, Billy Sumner would be an adjunct of Parliament, and his figures and his reasoning would generally be adopted by lawmakers and administrators. Here, however, we don't use experts, because, perhaps, we are all experts—from the President down. Our politicians have had their lesson and have no further use for experts. They had David A. Wells once in the Internal Revenue office, but he outraged the millowners with figures, so they sent him adrift, and he went home to Norwich, Conn., where he made a fortune largely out of cotton-mill stock. They say—that is, the protectionists say—that that proves that David A. Wells was at heart a protectionist. On the contrary, his conduct was like that of an illustrious British ironmaster, who had protected mills here and a free trade newspaper at home. When he was charged by a fellow countryman with inconsistency his reply was, "If the Americans are economic fools, why should I? I take advantage of them?" Sumner was a classmate of William C. Whitney, who was very fond of the professor and who used to like to play with him in New Haven. Sumner never got as rich as Whitney; he never seemed to care to. He amused his mind in another way, and he once enormously amused Whitney by telling his old friend that the Yale corporation had greatly increased his salary.

"That's splendid," said Whitney. "How much more do they give you, Bill?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a year," said Sumner.

And he always wondered why Whitney laughed so loudly and so long.—Harper's Weekly.

DESERTED TOWNS.

Many Villages in Illinois Rise and Then Fade.

Scarcely a township in Illinois but contains the site of what was once thought to be a "future great" city, and the state has the unique distinction of possessing more instances of disappointed hopes relative to boom towns than any other in the union, says the Chicago News.

Illinois was settled more rapidly during the pioneer era than any other state of the middle west, and hundreds of villages were founded, each of which was believed by its enthusiastic progenitors to bid fair to become the metropolis of the west. Now the plough grates upon the forgotten stones of their foundation.

Those who have read Goldsmith's Deserted Village and sighed sentimentally over "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," its people gone, its streets grown up with weeds and only the deserted houses and the graveyard to tell that once there life had been, will find a companion picture in every county and in nearly every township of the great state.

One of the most interesting cases of departed greatness applies to Postville, which in 1841 was made the county seat of Logan county. In 1848 the legislature changed the county seat to Mount Pulaski, and when suit was brought the various courts, from the lowest to the highest, decided against Postville, all holding that a conveyance of land to a county in consideration of the location of the county seat does not deprive the legislature of the right to remove it when the public good shall require a change. In 1856 the county seat was again changed, this time to Lincoln, and Postville, a few miles distant, packed up and moved to Lincoln, the ancient courthouse yet standing in Lincoln and used as a dwelling house. Had the legislature not interfered Postville would now be the leading city of Logan county, instead of Lincoln.

Recently the postoffice at Elmore was discontinued, due to the advent of rural free delivery. This place had also been known as Rochester. It was one of the oldest towns in the military tract, and at one time was the principal rival of Peoria. Now it has been officially dropped from the map, and will be heard from no more.

The village of Richmond, in Livingston county, was once a rival of Pontiac. It was laid out in 1851, and with prospects of the Chicago & Alton railroad going through it boomed and became one of the most important towns of Livingston county. The railroad instead passed two miles to the east, and there is no trace of the one-time populous and thriving village.

Cleveland, another rival of Peoria, on the Tazewell county side of the Illinois river, is also only a memory. It was laid out in 1836. Extensive wharves were constructed, and many steamboats touched there. For some reason the people preferred Peoria and Pekin, and Cleveland slowly sank into ruins. Now the site is farm land.

In 1836 the town of Bloomingdale, six miles southwest of Atlanta, Logan county, was launched. It was founded by the so-called "Smithland Emigrating, Agricultural and Milling Association," of Rhode Island. This association purchased ten thousand acres of land and sold them in small parcels to young men of the east, the sum of $100 buying 40 acres and a town lot in the village. The scheme worked well for a time, but most of the purchasers were stricken with ague and other diseases and the colony dissolved, most of the members returning to the east. The village was heard of no more.

Lee county was the scene of three promising corporations. Grand Detour, Daysville, Lee Center, and Dixon also should be mentioned. Of the four Dixon alone rose to importance and is credited with killing off the other three.

In Macon county the town of Madison was laid out in 1836, and it bid fair to be the leading city of Central Illinois. It did not last long, however, and its site is now covered with waving cornfields. Dantown, Newburg, Murphysburg and Centerville also are numbered in the lost towns of Macon county. Like Madison, all started promisingly, but Decatur was the magnet that attracted the people away from all rivals.

Bowling Green was the future great city of Woodford county, and in 1840 it was looked upon as a second Chicago. It attracted attention through a revival movement in which everybody was converted. This, or some other factor, was fatal to its existence, as it slowly faded away.

Kaskaskia is still heard from, for it has a population of about 200. Yet it was founded in 1683 by the French and by all the rules of expansion it should be in the metropolis class. It had a bright future, but it began to die when an ordinance was passed in 1787 forbidding slavery. At one time it was the state capital and a county seat, and a Jesuit college there contained a large number of students. It bid fair to become a famous educational center. The census of 1900 gave Kaskaskia just 177 population.

Old inhabitants of Clarksville solemnly recite the vicious character of the place, and earnestly believe that, like the Sodom and Gomorrah of old, it was destroyed by an indignant God.

All instances of the forgotten towns of Illinois are tame in comparison with those of Clarksville. All that is left of the town are the recollections of the old inhabitants and the records in the McLean county court house. Not a vestige of the city is shown and even its site is in doubt. It was laid out in 1836 by Joseph Bartholomew at a point three miles west of Lexington. It was invested with all the attributes of a pioneer city. Gamblers and thieves were numerous.

Horse racing was the principal sport in those days and horsemen from all over the state flocked there. It was there that the Freelands raced old Clear the Kitchen, the fastest horse in the west in those thrilling days.

HIS USELESS ADVISERS.

When the railroad rate regulation bill fight was at its hottest the President sent for Spooner one day and said: "Senator, I wish you would tell me why it is certain features of my rate regulation program are opposed so vehemently by the constitutional lawyers in congress."

Spooner was stumped, but he was opposing features of the proposed law himself. "Why, Mr. President," he asked, "what do you mean?"

The President explained at length. He pointed out that the senate held there were many grave constitutional defects in the law, and that there was a general attitude of opposition. He asked Spooner again to give him his opinion of the legal phase of the whole matter.

"My dear Mr. President," Spooner said finally, "it is not in my province to advise you on matters of this kind. You have great lawyers in your cabinet. They are the men to advise you. Why do you not consult Mr. Root, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bonaparte?"

"I have," complained the President, "but they do not agree with me."—Saturday Evening Post.

OLD SCHOOL FARMERS.

"It is astonishing what faith the old school farmer used to put in his almanac," said a farmer of the new school, a graduate of an agricultural college.

"My father was an old school farmer, and in June he would consult his almanac to see if we were going to have a clear Christmas. What though the almanac usually went back on him? Sometimes its predictions were true, and one accurate prophecy counterbalanced in my father's mind fifty miscues. Once I crossed the ocean with the old man. We sat at the captain's table, and the first night out my father, laying down his spoon, said anxiously:

"'Captain, hev ye got an almanac on board?'

"'No,' the captain answered.

"The old man frowned and shook his head.

"'Then, by gosh,' he said, 'we'll jest hev to take the weather as she comes.'"—Los Angeles Times.

BEAUTY'S DEFECTS.

If we were to find particular fault with our American beauties dominant in the public eye today, it would be their lack of facial strength, the absence of soul quality which our strenuous national life and feverish ambitions tend to nullify, if not annihilate. The nobility of countenance, the calm, pure, steadfast expressions seen in the faces of the great sculptures might well be emulated by our own beautiful women. We lack the simplicity, the repose of the period that produced those beauty types that have been accepted as a standard for all ages. The American girl, with all of her glorious qualities, needs some of the serenity and power of old Greece to make her more perfect than she is. Her facial weak points are in her nose and chin and forehead. Now and then one comes upon the strong type, but it is the exception.—The Bohemian.

THE RAINBOW.

The storm had passed by, and crossing the sky
A rainbow was arched with its middle as high
As the zenith; its ends resting on the earth so
That the heavens and earth were alike in its glow
Transfigured, and glowed in its colors that flowed
From the earth to the heavens and back, like a road
That angels and mortals might tread and so meet
Midway of the heavens, like two in a street.

The little chap saw, and wide-eyed in awe
He gazed on the picture no mortal might draw;
Its orange and purple, its green, and its gold,
And its shadings and blendings, its fold upon fold,
And, turning, he said to his mother, his head
At a quizzical angle, "Who was it that spread
The color so high and so bright and so broad?"
And he paused in deep thought when his mother said "God."

And he gazed on the sky and the rainbow arched high,
And his eyes full of wonder of "how" and of "why,"
Then turned with a wistful expression and quaint,
And he queried, "Has God, then, a bucket to paint?"
Then turning his eyes from the color-gemmed skies
He let them sweep wide where the prairie bird flies;
The grass 'gainst the dark of the forest beyond,
The gray of the trees 'gainst the brown of the pond.

The mother's eyes went where the boy's eyes intent
Unraveled the colors, mixed, spattered and blent
Across the whole world; and, as sharing his dream,
She marked all the shadows, the ripple and gleam
Of the waters, and so in the day's afterglow,
While the light of the day became low and more low,
While the boy sunk to slumber against her breast curled,
She marveled the wonder and charm of the world.

We are children, oh, God, and we gaze overawed
On the prodigal colors so scattered abroad
On earth and in heaven, yet sometimes we doubt,
When the light of our life has sunk low and gone out,
Till the storm has gone by, and its middle as high
As the zenith, the rainbow from earth to the sky
Upreaches; a sign that Thy promise is true,
And Thy brush our worn faith doth regild and make new.

—J. Mortimer Lewis in the Houston Post.

REVEALED IN SMOKE.

It is, of course, difficult and at best always a thankless task to set up arbitrary definitions, but if one must generalize it is fairly safe to assert that as a rule pipe smokers differ largely from the votaries of the cigarette in method and persistence. There are, however, exceptions, and at the present moment two of the most brilliant men of our day combine an inveterate habit of pipe smoking with extreme volatility of nervousness and excitement. It is noteworthy in judging character by smoke that both these men employ a common method. They light their pipes every other second. An entire box of matches is used regularly to finish one full pipe of tobacco, and the studies of both men, who are personally unknown to one another, are literally strewn from end to end with burnt and wasted match sticks.

Some cigarette smokers are of a wasteful and extravagant nature and fling their cigarettes away when they are consumed to the extent of a third of their length. These men also are generally excitable creatures. They must be constantly doing something, taking out or shutting up their pocket cases, fumbling for matches, lighting a cigarette, or throwing one away. Fanciful freak smokers are often indolent. The man who can squat for hours in a chair blowing smoke rings, emitting the smoke from his nose, or inhaling the smoke for an extraordinary duration of time, has generally a lack of vital energy and purpose. He answers naturally to the type of individual described in certain theatrical circles as "star-Performers," i. e., persons who are perpetually performing in their profession, but whose self-appointed mission in life is to perform tricks in saloon bars, refreshment rooms, and railway waiting rooms for the diversion of their companions.

A person who smokes a cigar with the label band on is always a vulgarian; a person who displays two inches of cuff during the act is generally ostentatious; a person who selects a cigar because it is sprinkled with light spots is an ignoramus who credits any popular report; and a person who chews up the end of a cigar or a cigarette is more often than not of an irascible or peevish nature.

Smoking is also a great test of natural courtesy in any individual. One can trace selfishness, boorishness, self-assertiveness, timidity, or good temper in a smoker's demeanor in any mixed company, judging upon the example of Mr. Kipling, it has been asserted that the man who knocks his pipe ashes out behind the parlor couch is usually a genius. But this is a somewhat empty assertion, and, at any rate, it comprises a belief that is in no wise shared by housewives and landladies.

As a concluding rule for diagnosing character from smoking habits it may be accepted that the best men smoke quietly and without ostentation, offer you a good cigar without a preparatory oration on its cost and merits, and smoke their pipes and cigars out to the finish when a man is concerned because his friends are not smoking with him he is a person to be cultivated.

FRUITLESS PLANTS.

The knowledge that the common white potato seldom produces fruit is so widely diffused that the barrenness of the plant causes no comment. Indeed, since the tubers in a measure function as seeds we have partially transferred the name to them. It is usual to speak of potatoes intended for planting as "seed potatoes." Seed potato seeds may be found, however, if one searches the potato fields long enough, and from

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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The price of things we want most in this life are rarely marked down.

Perhaps it would be much better if the United States navy didn't have doctors on hospital ships.

Chancellor Day has written a book, which, with some men, is the next thing to hiring a hall.

It's a waste of time to follow the weather predictions in winter. A man can't go fishing, anyway.

There is no way of determining how seriously the average girl takes leap year. With a widow it may be different.

"What shall we do with our boys?" asks an exchange. Let them grow up to be men and the women will do the rest.

Some critics may think that Mr. Bryan should have waited until he is an ex-President before going duck hunting.

It is not certain by just which route the Pacific fleet will return, but it is the optimistic thing to bet that it will return.

Thinking of Mr. Fairbanks as a chilly proposition, it is interesting to note the manner in which Indiana Republicans cuddle up to his boom.

Prophets are again busy predicting the early end of the world. It is about time that medical scientists discover a germ for that sort of ailment.

As the Christmas spirit begins to wear off, there are indications that some of the Ohio leaders are getting tired of being good little politicians.

The brewers have had things pretty much their own way so long that it is rather refreshing to find them viewing the situation with alarm.

Man may want but little here below, as the poet once sang; still he likes to keep the coal pile just a little bit larger than the ash heap.

After having demonstrated that it is possible to live on an exclusive diet of peanuts, what is that Peoria, Ill., doctor going to do about it?

Secretary Cortelyou denies that he said "damn" recently, but he must feel like saying it when he thinks of what has happened to his boom.

We doubt if very many women take advantage of leap year, but it is their own fault if they can't recognize a blessed opportunity when it comes.

While we can't expect to see Mr. Fairbanks win the presidential nomination, the fact that he was born in Ohio should be a great help to him.

Some people will hardly know what to think of the Pittsburg pastor who wouldn't accept gold coins that did not bear the motto "In God We Trust."

"We never hear of women swearing off on New Year's," remarked the man on the car this morning, "which goes to show that the average woman is about right."

With Central American republics firmly established on a peace basis, and revolutions done away with, what will become of the popular sport down there?

It doesn't seem fair to show our great Pacific fleet to the people of foreign nations when there are so many folks at home who have not seen it.

That fat little cherub which artists call the New Year must look like a darling angel to persons who have a share of the January dividends coming to them.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall become husbands," says the Salt Lake Tribune. And in Salt Lake, becoming a husband used to mean something.

Lots of men wouldn't regard a dollar or two more for a barrel of beer as a heavy burden, but a twenty-five cent advance in the price of a barrel of flour would make them groan.

The members of a Chicago widows' club have resolved not to propose during leap year. But won't members who receive proposals be suspected of violating the agreement?

Denver must be figuring on having enough novelties during convention week to make up for any lack of interest in the work of nominating a Democratic presidential candidate.

There is considerable speculation as to just what is going to succeed the Teddy bear as a toy. However, the question is one that cannot be settled until after the presidential election.

It is a good sign when a man makes a New Year's resolution, even though he doesn't stick to it more than forty-eight hours. It shows that he is willing to admit that there is something wrong with him.

It has been discovered that there are 1,400 more islands in the Philippine archipelago than were originally counted. If they find any more Uncle Sam may begin to feel that Spain cheated him.

The present provisional government in Cuba is to continue until 1909, according to prediction. By that time the Cubans may reach the conclusion that having somebody running their country for them is a picnic.

OHIO'S DEMAND FOR COUNTY LOCAL OPTION.

The Blade asked the newspaper men of Ohio to express the sentiment of the people in their communities respecting the enactment of a county option measure, and also what the result of a vote in their counties would likely be were such a bill to become a law.

The letters received make a most remarkable showing of the strength of the vast army of Ohio people who believe the time has arrived for the state to take another step in temperance legislation.

While it was anticipated the replies would show a strong demand for such a law in the rural counties, the overwhelming desire for its enactment from all sections, even in counties in which are situated large cities, is as gratifying to the friends of the proposed measure as it is discouraging to the brewers, saloon keepers and those who have not gotten over the idea that these interests are necesesary to the business and social life of the community.

These letters indicate that the farmers are almost unanimous for the bill. These farmers are heavily taxed to help sustain the poor and unfortunate of the county made so by drink. They want to be relieved of this burden and are quick to see the possibilities in a county option law. The sentiment is likewise strong in the villages and small towns, while the cities are also demanding it.

The increase of the Dow tax to $1,000 was an excellent revenue measure, but is not proving so efficacious in the way of mitigating the evils which arise from the sale of intoxicants. It has been surprising that the number of saloons has not been more greatly reduced. The fact that this law has weeded out but a few thousand in the state shows the enormous profits of the business and the great sums each year which are diverted from legitimate channels of trade.

What the people now demand is an effective temperance measure and they are turning to county local option as the means to furnish them relief.

The brewers will resort to every means possible to defeat county option. With them it is a life and death struggle. Their only motive is the making of money, while arrayed against them are the tens of thousands of Ohio voters who are combatting the traffic from principle and for the good of the individual, the home, the community and the state.

In view of the will of the people, as expressed by the editors of the state, how can their representatives vote except to make the proposed bill a law?

ALL CHICAGO REJOICING.

Citizens of Chicago are celebrating the settlement of a traction controversy that has been running for a period of nearly ten years.

By order of the court, the property of the Union Traction Company is to be sold at public auction, thereby removing the last obstacle in the way of settlement. After the Chicago council had passed the ordinance granting a holding company a franchise, the stockholders and bondholders of the Union line, which was in the hands of the court, interposed an objection, claiming that they were getting the short end of the deal. But, after sparring for a few months, they have come to the conclusion that a half loaf is better than none at all, and now the property will be bid in by the other traction interests and the whole consolidated as one system.

The new franchise runs twenty years and permits the company to charge five-cent fares, but a certain per cent of the gross receipts must be paid into the city treasury and the company must proceed at once to rehabilitate all deteriorated lines and bring them up to a high standard of excellence. It is estimated that $30,000,000 will be expended in equipment, extensions and general betterments. At the end of the twenty-year period the city can either purchase the properties or extend the franchise for another period on terms that will guarantee it a big revenue.

The struggle has been a long and bitter one, and through it all the people have enduered wretched service with rare fortitude. Now that the end is in sight there is universal rejoicing and the prediction is freely made that the effect of this great improvement in Chicago traction service will mark a new era of development for that city.

PROSPEROUS TIMES AHEAD.

One of the strongest indications of returning confidence is the fact that depositors in savings banks are not drawing out their money. When the stampede was started in New York, these banks, with few exceptions, took advantage of the 60-day grace allowed by the law, and depositors were forced to be content with filing notice of their intention to withdraw. There has been much anxiety in financial circles, for if any considerable portion of those who qualified to withdraw their deposits had done so, it would have had a disastrous effect on the money market.

The period has expired, and to the great relief of the banks, very few depositors have exercised their right. In fact, it is claimed that the amount withdrawn is surprisingly small, clearly showing that conditions are rapidly approaching normal.

Recently The Blade published an announcement from Pittsburg that 40,000 men would be restored on the pay rolls in the iron mills within a few days. On Friday it was stated, also, that 10,000 idle men would be sent back to work in Cleveland. And similar good news is coming in from other manufacturing centers.

Without doubt there are many unemployed in Toledo, but the small number who have registered so far at the office of the Humane society would seem to show that the men are confident of getting back their old jobs before their affairs become serious.

Chicago bankers interviewed by the Tribune only the other day, were decidedly optimistic and expressed the opinion that all clearing house certificates would be retired within a very short time. Banks are well supplied with ready cash and the payment of January dividends, added to the cash that was turned into the channels of trade during the holiday season, ought to make the financial situation very gratifying.

So we find the farmer, the merchant, the banker, the manufacturer and the laboring man looking forward to a speedy return of prosperous conditions, and this spirit of confidence should be powerful enough to drive the croakers and the pessimists to the rear.

INDIANA FOR FAIRBANKS.

Another state has launched a boom for its favorite son. Charles Warren Fairbanks has been duly entered in the great Republican sweepstakes and will carry the colors of Indiana.

Senator Beveridge, one of the administration guard, presided at the convention and made a speech, but not of the kind to please the reactionaries who have been flirting with the Fairbanks managers.

The resolutions introducing Mr. Fairbanks to the Chicago convention were highly eulogistic, but they are not calculated to set the Hoosier prairies a-fire. Indeed, they create the impression that the author was working under contract on a disagreeable job, with his heart quite remote from the subject of his felicitations.

PEACE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

If the work of the Central American peace conference which has just completed its labors at Washington is promptly ratified by the little republics represented, Secretary Root can count it as one of the greatest achievements of his official career.

There were seven treaties approved by the conference, the aim of all being to insure tranquility among volcanic people. Revolutions in Central America are chronic and keep a fertile territory in constant uproar, imperlling the lives and property of foreigners, discouraging the efforts of the more civilized natives, and disturbing to neighboring countries.

Shortly after Secretary Root's visit to Mexico, where he discussed the status of Central America with President Diaz, he planned the peace conference, and it was generally understood that if this failed of its purpose the two governments would act in concert to apply a more drastic remedy. Apparently the republics, anticipating possible intervention, concluded to get together, for the conference had little difficulty in arriving at an agreement. Among the treaties to be submitted for ratification, the most important is that which provides for an international tribunal of arbitration. Disputes between the republics must first be submitted to this tribunal before an appeal is made to arms, and this is a practical guarantee against hostilities, for it will give both Mexico and the United States ample time to make friendly suggestions.

Another convention designates Honduras as neutral territory, a sort of party wall, rendering it more difficult for Guatemala and Salvador on the north and Nicaragua and Costa Rica on the south, to fly at one another's throats.

There is little doubt that these treaties will be ratified with very little, if any, amendment. The countries composing Central America realize that the United States and Mexico are agreed that the guerrilla warfare which has retarded the development of that territory must cease, and they do not relish the prospect of a protectorate, which is certain to foloiw continued bad behavior.

A "JUNK HEAP" NAVY.

Criticism of the navy in a current magazine by Henry Reuterdahl, associate of the United States Naval Institute and vouched for as one who knows whereof he speaks, is bound to be a national sensation, assuming, of course, that Mr. Reuterdahl writes "by the card."

According to the views expressed, our 20 first-class battleships would be practically worthless in a great naval engagement and Mr. Reuterdahl declares that unless public protest acts promptly, the five now being built will be no better. And these twenty-five ocean monsters represent an outlay of $145,000,000.

Briefly stated, the points of condemnation are: the heavy armor plate does not extend above the water line when the ships are equipped for action; the heaviest guns are directly over an open shaft leading to the powder magazines, thereby imperiling the lives of officers and men; the ships are built so low that in a rough sea the turret guns are only one-half efficient, while in some cases the broadside guns are at even greater disadvantage, being only eleven feet above the water line, whereas more than twice that distance is provided in the battleships of other nations.

Throughout his remarkable statement, Mr. Reuterdahl shows utter contempt for the American navy "as she is built," but he seems to feel that he is performing a patriotic duty in thus exposing our weakness, which he attributes to red tapeism and the lack of practical knowledge on the part of responsible officials. He says it has taken fifteen years to make the authorities see the necessity for changing the location of the powder magazines, and hence his desire to begin a campaign for other reforms which he deems imperative.

And to think that only the other day President Roosevelt showed great pride when he reviewed "the flower of the navy" just prior to its departure for the Pacific! Really we are inclined to demand a closer inspection of Mr. Reuterdahl's credentials before we consign those twenty-five sea fighters to the junk heap and begin crying for a new navy.

Still they may make good practice ships for a few years yet.

REBUKES GOV. SPARKS.

President Roosevelt has ordered General Funston to withdraw federal troops from Goldfield and has taken Governor Sparks to task for sounding a false alarm. The President makes his deductions from the report of the special commissioners who were sent to Goldfield to investigate conditions. His complaint is that the governor did not exhaust all the state's resources before calling for federal aid, and he advises the governor that the nation is not undertaking to do a regular police business.

Governor Sparks resents the President's imputations and insists that the request for federal troops was both proper and timely. In this position he is supported by the people in Goldfield who have petitioned for the revocation of the withdrawal order. The fact that no violence has followed the activities of the mine owners is proof that the presence of the troops is efficacious, in the opinion of both the governor and his supporters. They express the fear that as soon as Funston's forces are out of hearing, Goldfield will witness a reign of terror similar to that which existed in Colorado mining districts.

Only experience can demonstrate the wisdom or unwisdom of the President's action. Naturally, as everything has been quiet in Goldfield, where all were anticipating bloodshed, the inference is that the danger has been greatly exaggerated, but on the other hand lawless men are cowards when it comes to fighting the government, and there is no denying that the presence of the deadly machine is a great pacificator. Even if the strikers contemplated making active warfare on the mine owners, they would hardly brave a battle with government troops. More likely they would postpone hostilities until the troops were withdrawn.

If peace follows the execution of the President's order, and Goldfield settles down to peace and quiet, it will be inferred that the governor was needlessly frightened, but if his surmise proves correct and riots follow, it will be a deplorable outcome. And the history of the Western Federation of Miners is not of a reassuring character. The general impression was that the President had sent a commission to Goldfield for the purpose of arbitrating, if possible, the differences between the strikers and the mine owners, and pending a settlement the presence of the troops could not be severely criticized.

IN THE HANDS OF FRIENDS.

New York politicians will construe the reply of Governor Hughes to the Saxe letter as a willingness to accept the endorsement for the presidency, and naturally there will be an organized effort to secure a state delegation favorable to the governor.

The Hughes letter was written in reply to an inquiry from State Senator Martin Saxe, who said that he desired to bring the question of the governor's candidacy before the Republican committee of New York county, but did not want to do anything counter to the governor's wishes.

The answer was characteristic of Hughes. He declined to make any suggestions, repeated his well-known view that he should do nothing which would appear in the remotest degree to interfere with his official duties, and concluded with this significant paragraph:

"I assume that the party representatives will take such action, whatever it may be, as they believe to be best. They have their duty and I have mine. I think my position is clearly understood."

That is, Governor Hughes is willing that his friends should do whatever they think best in the matter, but must not expect him or his subordinate officials to lift a finger. If New York Republicans can unite on him as their choice he will not refuse to permit his name to go before the Chicago convention.

Some significance will be attached to the fact that this movement in favor of Hughes was formally launched immediately following a visit to the White House of a New York politician who is friendly to Hughes, and the inference is being drawn that President Roosevelt has rather approved than discouraged the governor's candidacy. Not that the former has weakened in his advocacy of Secretary Taft, but because he realizes the inadvisability of even seeming to stand in the way of a free field.

JAPAN'S LACK OF CAPITAL.

Count Aoki's statement concerning conditions in Japan may suggest to some patriotic Americans who have more money than they know what to do with, a plan of helpfulness in settling the immigration problem. The count, in a recent interview, emphasized his previous utterances as to the friendly feeling Japan has for this country and ridiculed the possibility of a war between the two countries.

Referring to immigration he declared that Japan wanted to keep her coolies at home. "We have plenty of employment for all," he said, "but we need more capital." That is, with abundant means, Japan, in her process of development, could give work to every able-bodied citizen. There are millions and millions of fertile acres in Korea and Manchuria waiting to be peopled and it is Japan's ambition to turn this vast area into producing farm lands. She has the muscle, but lacks the capital needed to furnish the equipment.

If Japan will agree to make her coolies stay at home conditioned on sufficient loans to enable her to make practical use of her resources the immigration question might be easily settled to the advantage of both nations.

ON A SOLID FOUNDATION.

It can be truthfully said of Secretary Taft's candidacy that it is founded on the solid rock of merit.

Republicans who know him and who have studied his career, are enthusiastically for him.

The support that he is receiving from all parts of the country is not reflected through the President, but is given Mr. Taft because he possesses qualities that attract and endure. Of course the fact that he is a member of the Roosevelt cabinet and has been a powerful factor in popularizing the Roosevelt policies, is a source of strength, but strip Mr. Taft of his official record, then let him base his candidacy on the sole argument that he is the President's choice, and we would see a vast difference in the sentiment of the country.

And what a splendid preparation he has had for the Chief Magistracy! Eliminate second termers, and what man of all those aspiring to the office could point to so thorough a course of training? From the day President McKinley sent him to the Philippines to install American methods and assure the islanders of our interest in their welfare, William Howard Taft has been acquiring knowledge of the greatest value to an American President. His experience among our Pacific wards, his official relations with Cuba and his trip to Panama, have made him familiar with our insular affairs. As secretary of war he understands the needs of the military; as special agent of the administration, he has shown himself a pastmaster in the art of diplomacy, and as member of the cabinet and confidential friend of the President he is unquestionably in closer touch with all departments of the government than any other man, with the possible exception of Mr. Roosevelt.

These facts are known to the people and will carry weight in the approaching contest with all thinking voters. They will be for Mr. Taft, not because the President wants him, but because they want him, although it will be an additional pleasure to many to know that their choice is Roosevelt's choice. It is gratifying to all of Mr. Taft's friends that he has the hearty endorsement of the President, but it is even more gratifying to know that their candidate can go before the people on a record of his own making.

BROWNSON AND RIXEY.

The resignation of Admiral Brownson as chief of the bureau of navigation is agitating the navy department from center to circumference. As the President has declined to make public the contents of the admiral's letter, there is more or less of a mystery to the affair, but gossips are busy and a genuine sensation is promised.

The alleged reason for the admiral's retirement is a controversy between him and Surgeon General Rixey over the command of the hospital ship. The admiral insists that under the rules only a line officer can be chosen, while Rixey declares that a medical officer should have supreme authority. The matter was referred to the President, and he, it is claimed, approved of Rixey's plan. The admiral, conscious that so wide a variance from the established rules would seriously affect the discipline of his department, promptly resigned.

But the dispute is not to be threshed out in private if Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, can prevent it. He announces that he will call on the President to lay before the committee all information bearing on Admiral Brownson's retirement, which means a public airing of the whole matter.

As usual, there are two sides to the question. Admiral Brownson, a stickler for rules and a strict disciplinarian, could see no way of meeting Dr. Rixey's views. There being no surgeon in the navy qualified to command a ship, it would be a violation of naval ethics, probably of the law, to grant a surgeon such authority. On the other hand, Dr. Rixey is firmly of the belief, and it stands to reason, that the hospital ship should be under the complete control of the ranking surgeon, because he ought to be the judge of its best disposition.

And there you are. Manifestly, there is need of giving some of the surgeons in the navy a course in seamanship, or some of our naval captains a course in surgery. We must have doctor—captains or captain-doctors to meet the new emergency and prevent clashes of opinion in the future.

IMPRESSIVE FIGURES.

E. H. Harriman launched a broadside against his detractors when he issued the decennial report of the Union Pacific, detailing the financial operations of the company during the ten years that have elapsed since the road's reorganization.

According to this report, the road has earned over $116,000,000 above all dividend disbursements, and is now paying ten per cent on its common stock.

Mr. Harriman gives a review of the road's stock investments and reinvestments, and shows for the latter a net gain of over $33,000,000. The net profit on the Northern Pacific deal was $55,000,000, and the company now holds securities of a market value of approximately $300,000,000. At the same time the gross receipts of the road have increased from $33,000,000 to nearly $55,500,000, and over $130,000,000 have been expended for equipment, improvements and extensions.

In other words, Mr. Harriman seeks to prove that the Union Pacific has combined the business of common carrier and speculator and made an unparalleled success of both, which fact, we presume, is ample justification, from his view-point, of the methods employed But is it not a game fraught with peril to the stockholders?

A CURRENCY BILL.

The opinion is current in financial circles that shortly after the holidays Senator Aldrich's committee will report a bill amending the currency laws, and it is the general impression, likewise, that this measure will follow the lines of the recommendation contained in the President's message—providing for an emergency currency on which the tax will be so high that bankers will avail themselves of it only as conditions justify.

Such a bill, it is believed, will meet the approval of the senate, and will not have much opposition in the house. There is a public demand for currency reform, and as there are fewer fundamental objections to this plan than to others suggested, it will probably be enacted as a makeshift. It might be called a compromise between the central bank proposition and the asset currency.

Both senators and representatives agree that it would be futile to undertake at this session, to thresh out the entire subject of the currency, and if the President's suggestions tide over the present situation, it will save much political embarrassment And a practical test may demonstrate a permanent value.

RECOVERING OUR SANITY.

There are men who profess to believe that this country is only on the threshold of its financial troubles, that more serious times are coming and that the paralysis of industry will be more acute before we can be assured of permanent relief.

When asked to support their claim with evidence or argument, they falter or launch into a general discussion of trade conditions and of what they assert to be an almost total lack of confidence.

But the facts are that none of them can advance a practical reason for their pessimism. Unfortunately there is a class of citizens who are sedulously preaching against an early return of confidence because they do not want to be discredited as prophets. When the government began its attacks on law breaking corporations these men warned the administration that if it persisted in its policy it would bring ruin and disaster on the country. The reply was that if these offenses against the people were not checked it would spell ruin and disaster anyway, and that the responsibility must rest with those who held themselves supreme to the law.

Now it is generally conceded that there would have been no money stringency but for the breaking of the copper corner, and the resultant drop in the security market. Banks having large loans out and holding these securities as collateral were compelled to contract their loans, and the men who had been doing an expansive business on the strength of their stocks and bonds suddenly found the prop knocked out from under them. The suspension of several banks and trust companies exposed illegal practices and this knowledge has had more to do with the weakening of confidence than all the activities of the government. People began to think that the only safe place for their money was at home, and the small depositors, becoming frightened, withdrew their savings from circulation.

But there is little doubt that the tide has turned. Money is flowing back into the banks and the statements recently published show a generally healthy condition. Railroads are beginning to project improvements, and factories that have been closed or running on reduced capacity, are returning to normal. It is announced that 40,000 men will go to work in the Pittsburg iron districts on January 6, and similar reports are coming in from other sections.

And when one stops to think that the year just closing has been one of the most prosperous in our history that our export trade has reached a new high mark, that our farmers have produced a greater value than ever before, and that the general health of the American people is fully up to the standard, why should we take alarm and stampede like a herd of animals because some stock gamblers have been playing the game a bit more recklessly than usual?

A FUTILE STRUGGLE.

Over eight years ago, Greene and Gaynor were indicted for embezzlement and conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with the harbor work at Savannah. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment and to pay a fine equal to the amount of their stealings, considerably over half a million dollars.

These men possessed large means and influential friends. If it were true that money can keep the wealthy crook out of prison, Greene and Gaynor would have been free men before this. They brought to bear every ounce of influence they could control in their behalf. They spent their money like water to engage learned counsel. Every scheme that ingenious lawyers could devise to stay the hand of justice was invoked, and when hope was forlorn, the defendants skipped into Canada and sought to evade extradition.

But the government was relentless. The offense charged was not an ordinary one, for these men had pledged their honor to perform faithful service. And they had violated their pledge to the great injury of all the people. The charges were pressed through all the stages of trial, appeal, stay of execution, and other legal obstacles, and now that the supreme court has refused to hear the case, the defendants must serve their time and square their accounts with the government.

Of course they were confident of ultimate escape from punishment, else why the waste of effort and money? Oberlin Carter involved in the same scandal long since expiated his crime, and has been free for years. Had Greene and Gaynor submitted to the inevitable, they would have saved eight years, for the period of suspense, of torture, of fugitive-living must be counted as wholly lost. It is not always the part of wisdom for the rich lawbreaker to count too much on his strength, especially if he has to deal with Uncle Sam.

Nobody but an editor has any idea how many people there are in the country who try to write poetry.

We can't think very much of the young man who pretends to be afraid that some girl will marry him during leap year.

It is noticeable that less is being said concerning Secretary Taft's weight, yet there is no report of his having lost any.

If something doesn't happen to the Pacific fleet, the pessimists who argue that it was a mistake to send it away, will never again be happy.

Here is the kind of story that doesn't appear in the newspapers very often: "A New York man died last week because of worry over the disappearance of his mother-in-law."

If the Democrats can persuade Grover Cleveland to go to the Denver convention as a drawing card to the Bryan show, it will look more like the restoration of harmony than anything that has happened in a long time.

Some men never try to be agreeable. An Indiana preacher has predicted that 50,000 men will die in this country between Christmas day and New Year. How much happier it would have been to predict that 50,000 babies would be born in that length of time.

THE NATION'S INVENTORY

National assets, $1,500,000,000,000.

Farm wealth, $7,412,000,000.

Mineral production, annually $3,000,000,000.

Export domestic merchandise, annually, $1,853,718,000.

Manufacturing products, annually, $14,802,147,000.

Live stock, total value, $4,875,000,000.

Seven cereal crops, 1907, $2,378,000,000.

Wheat crop, 18907, $500,000,000.

Cotton crop, 1907, $675,000,000.

Corn, 1907, $1,350,000,000.

Hay, 1907, $660,000,000.

Dairy products, 1907, $173,765,000.

Poultry and eggs, 1907, $500,000,000.

Money in circulation, $3,250,000,000.

Money in federal treasury, $345,246,500.

Lumber production, 1907, $550,000,000.

DEALING WITH TRAMPS.

How Norway Treats Her Loafers, Beggars and Drunkards.

For some time the Norwegians have had under serious consideration how best to deal with idlers, beggars, tramps and drunkards. They have passed a special act which enables the authorities to deal in a wholesome way with able-bodied loafers, beggars, tramps, aliens and drunkards, who shirk their financial duty to their dependents. An able bodied man who will not work, says the Poor Law Official Jaurnal, can now be warned by the police against his manner of life and told where he is to apply for employment. Thus direct official action is taken against idling and idlers. He is to be prevented coming on the community for support, or so acting that his family becomes a charge on the poor law—the interpretation clause to include even a man's divorced wife and his illegitimate children. This, of course, involves the providing of work; a task beset with difficulties, but probably easier in that country than in this, as they have immense tracts of available land which could me brought into cultivation, and this—it is affirmed—would conduce to the prosperity of the country. At all events, attention is being turned in that direction, though for the immediate present they are depending for their supply of work on the needs and applications of the citizens. This, however, is not likely to be sufficiently regular nor abundant, and a speedy difficulty may arise from the character of those who are to be forced into employment. Decent people may reasonably shrink from taking them into their service; and if they are required to work in conjunction with others their pace may be far too slow, and consequently damaging to the whole establishment.

The provision of work is a vital point, and on its solution largely depends the whole scheme. The financial condition of the country may be a powerful incentive—it is poor and cannot keep those who will not work. Besides, the people are industrious, and appear to loathe the slothful and the skulker. That the country means business can be further inferred from a suggested method of preventing escape through the possibility of work being irregular and intermittent. A person may be ordered by the police to go to the labor bureau, but not do so, and, on the other hand, there may not be any work. Both these contingencies are realized, so the idea is to give an unsuccessful applicant a card which will be evidence of obedience, and also state when the next visit must be paid. This is a detail that may be varied, but it indicates the size of the meshes of the official net. Suppose a person refuses to do the work assigned, or leaves it without reason, or is dismissed through bad conduct, and within a year either he or his dependents come on the poor law for relief in consequence of the return to lazy habits, then the authorities can send him to the workhouse for eighteen months, or for three years if it is a second offense. The workhouse is an institution between a prison and an English workhouse, and the chief points are that liberty is forfeited, begging is impossible, and they must face either work, hunger or punishment.

The provision with regard to tramps is most stringent. A person found roaming about and endangering the safety of others is liable to detention in the same establishment for three, and up to six years. The course is clear and effective. The individuals are first watched by the police, and then warned that they must get a fixed residence within a given time, and if they do not they are taken in charge. Some option is reserved to the police as to whether they will send a lazy person to the workhouse or to the legal home—should they find out where it is—but the decision rests with the police. In this connection it is important to know that the police have certain judicial functions unknown to such officers in this country. It is quite possible—and even probable—that some will be found who are unable to settle because too poor, and in these circumstances they are to have a house found for them, the funds for this purpose being provided from money set apart for the purpose. The place in the first instance is considered by the police, but there is reserved the right of appeal to a higher court.

STREET LIGHTS ABROAD.

The practice in American cities of furnishing additional street illumination by means of private installations, in contrast with the European custom, was commented on by a traveler as follows: "In the United States it is the practice of business people to light the exterior of their premises on a very lavish scale, the whole building being often outlined in points of light. It is the general absence of this sort of thing in London and Paris that has surprised me. The street lighting of Paris is very pretty—so far as it goes—but there is not enough of it to satisfy the eye of the man accustomed to American lavishness in this regard."

The writer visited the above-named cities a year ago, and in the case of Paris his opinion is that the lack of additional illumination is the "raison d'etre" for the distinction which Paris has of being the best lighted city in the world.

The one pre-eminent feature of the street lighting there is uniformity. Mantle gas lamps on very handsome posts furnish nearly all of the illumination. Arcs with milky inclosing globes are to be found at points where traffic is unusually heavy, but you cannot find arcs with clear inclosing globes.

The plan of the streets and the character of the buildings have such an important bearing on the lighting that a discription is necessary to understand the conditions. Most Americans have heard and accepted the statement that the light of the buildings is uniform, but little is said as to architecture and color. The uniformity of the two latter characteristics is much more notable than the one of hight. An unbroken line of concrete buildings, all light gray in color, greatly increase the illumination.

The streets are either very narrow or very wide, the latter being known as the "boulevards." Bracket lamps attached to the fronts of the buildings are used on the former, and are spaced further apart than is usual in the large cities of America (probably 135 to 150 feet.) The amount of illumination is sufficient on account of the reflection referred to.

AN OLD-TIME ASCENT.

Tremendous excitement was caused when London's first balloon went up nearly a century and a quarter ago. The balloon, manned by a young Italian named Vincent Lunardi, ascended from Moorsfield, then an open space of ground, on September 15, 1784, in the presence of more than 100,000 spectators. All business was suspended, the king himself setting the example by adjourning a cabinet council that happened to be sitting. Vast crowds followed the balloon's course, some on horseback, in carts, in chaises, but mostly on foot. The Great North road, above which the aeronaut sailed for some distance, was a roaring river of humanity.

Many were hurt in the crush, but the only fatality recorded was the death from fright of an old country woman, who, coming out of her cottage to see what the excitement was about, beheld the balloon just above her head. On the other hand Lunardi undoubtedly saved one man's life, a jury bringing in a verdict of "not guilty" on a notorious highwayman in order that they, the prisoner and the judge who was trying, might rush out of court to see the balloon.

The arronaut descended eventually near Ware, in Hertfordshire, where his sudden drop from the clouds was the cause of more astonishment and excitement. Many of the spectators swooned with fear, while others urged the putting of Lunardi to death there and then on the ground that he must needs be a sorcerer and in league with the evil one.—Chicago News.

WHEN HIS TURN CAME.

The story is told of an Irishman who bitterly resented the prejudice against his nationality that, he believed, constantly militated against him. On one occasion, when he applied for a place on a sailing vessel, the captain asked for a reference.

"A reference!" exclaimed the Irishman, "for a common sailor's job!"

But the captain insisted, and the reference had to be obtained before he was engaged. When presently another applicant, an Englishman, was engaged for a similar place, but without a demand for reference, naturally the Irishman was indignant. He was, of course, obliged to smother his anger, but he cherished his grudge against both the other sailor and the captain.

One day the two sailors were at work near each other, each with a pail of soapsuds scrubbing off the deck. The Englishman was resting his pail on the rail for an unguarded moment, when a sudden lurch of the vessel sent him overboard with his implements.

The Irishman arose, shouting lustily; then, recollecting himself, he suppressed the "Man overboard!" that came to his lips.

As the captain and others came running to see wht the hubbub meant, the Irishman waved his arms dramatically toward the unfortunate sailor struggling in the water.

"The Englishman that ye took without a reference, sor," he said, "is gone off with your pail."

VARIETIES

Miss Abbie Lathrop, of Granby, Mass., runs a mouse farm.

Mexico has a brewery which has an annual receipts of $6,000,000.

Michigan has spent $42,244,111.79 on its schools in 68 years.

Policemen in Cleveland declined to shoot a mad cat on Friday, the 13th.

The different Indian tribes in Mexico do not mingle much and seldom intermarry.

A baby born to Mrs. John Reisbach, living near Pittsburg, weighed 14 pounds.

The town of Riverside, N. J., with a population of 4,000, has no paid police force nor a lockup.

United States Steel corporation gives $3,000,000 in Christmas presents to employes.

William Cross, secretary of state of Oklahoma, signs his name officially "Bill Cross."

Jeremiah Meeker, of South Orange, N. J., is 93, but never misses a local baseball game. Fancy that!

Mrs. Ingeborg Nelson, of Madison, Wis., the mother of Senator Nelson, died 93 last week.

Viscount Aoki, the Japanese ambassador, will sail from San Francisco for the Manchuria January 7 for home.

William James Bryan is appointed to serve out the unexpired term of the late Senator Mallory, of Florida.

Reports of state banks and trust companies in Greater New York show nearly all in good condition.

A school girl in Hutchinson, Kas., defined for her teacher a demagogue as "a vessel holding beer and other liquids."

According to the observations of a New York barber, 56 per cent. of the adult male population wear beards.

"Uncle Dan" Whipple, of Traverse City, Mich., has had his soldier's pension increased to $20 a month. He is 108.

New marriage license law in New York requiring that both bride and groom must apply in person for permit to wed goes into effect January 1.

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberly, South Africa, steal $1,250,000 worth of diamonds in a year.

Mary Tusing, aged 27, an inmate of the Kosciusko county (Indiana) poor asylum, ate the contents of a stray bedtick and suffered no bad effects.

Emperor William is going to make a crusade against the introduction into the German language of so many words from other languages.

A pickpocket who robbed Edward C. Miller, of Paulsboro, N. J., of seven hundred dollars, wrote saying he would return the money if luck came his way.

It took thirty-five years to build up a church of six members in China, but since 1900 there have been 50,000 natives converted to Christianity.

Mayor Marrow, of Benton Harbor, Mich., threw the key of his grocery store into the canal five years ago, and the place has not been locked since.

Mrs. Anna Steffron, of Philadelphia, it is alleged, took poison because her husband bought for her a green veil on the upper button of which he had photographed his face.

Harrison Davenport, who was ferryman across the Muskegon river at Bridgeton, Mich., for twenty-five years is dead, and the celebrated ferry will be discontinued.

C. Wesley Wootton, of Germantown, Pa., who recently pronounced Whitman as "an offensively dirty person," has now referred to Tennyson's poetry as sounding like "tearing rags."

Manager of W. J. Bryan's lecture tours tells William E. Curtis that the Nebraskan is making $50,000 a year from his platform work and that he draws larger audiences than any other speaker.

In a toast to Admiral Dewey on the occasion of his seventieth birthday anniversary President Roosevelt said that of all living Americans, he had brought greatest glory to the nation.

Search was made in the woods for Louis Blume, aged 4 years, of Waterbury, Conn., lost several hours, but the boy was found in a big cake box, the door of which his mother had inadvertently locked.

Sir Thomas Moore Jackson, British governor, entertains in honor of Rear Admiral Evans at Port of Spain, and toasts are drunk to King Edward, President Roosevelt and the United States navy.

Paul Firman, living near Caledonia, Pa., is fencing in a field of 110 acres which contains a large grove of wild persimmon trees, and will stock it with possums. By next fall he expects to have several hundred 'possums.

Buffalo Bill Briggs, on account of the facial resemblances, is what the Washington writer calls the junior New Jersey senator, and he compares Senator Reyburn, of Idaho, to Daniel Webster in dress and embonpoint.

Ernest G. Stedman, formerly a wealthy New York lawyer and a member of a prominent family, crazed by the loss of his fortune in a realty company, hurled himself before a subway train and is ground to pieces.

Mrs. Frances J. Pray, of Hancock county, Missouri, left $3,000 by will the income of which is to be used to buy turkeys for Thanksgiving and Christmas for the poor in Carthage and Monticello, Ill., where she spent her early life.

Fleming H. Revell, the largest publisher of religious books in this country, and probably in the world, says the aggregate sale of Moody's sermons has exceeded 2,500,000 copies, placing them next to the Bible as a seller.

State Game Warden Stone, of Wisconsin, says that the reports so far made to him showed that 5,675 deer were shipped on the railroads during the recent open season, and that it is estimated that fully 10,000 had been killed in the state during the season.

Prof. Percival Lowell, the famous authority on Mars, has returned to Boston from the Lowell observatory founded by him at Flagstaff, Ariz., with new pictures of the planet which corroborate in a striking manner his theory that it is the abode of intelligent life.

The working class mother, continually kept from church by the necessity of preparing the Sunday dinner, seems likely to have the problem solved in the town of Lancashire, England, by the serving of a simple, ready-cooked meal from a central kitchen.

The board of safety of Findlay, O., has declared that small men make the best firemen, and accordingly has revised the rules of qualifications and made the minimum height five feet six inches, being a reduction of two inches. The prospective firemen must also weigh at least 150 pounds.

Sotheby, the London auctioneer, is to have an interesting sale of autograph letters soon, among which are two from Robert Burns to his brother William. They are expected to bring a record price for this sort of document, as they are signed in full by the poet and are thoroughly characteristic of his style.

London society has discovered that women are taking themselves too seriously, that they have fallen into the habit of discussing everything, as if anything mattered, with the result that boredom has become the prevailing note of every assembly. An original thinker has, however, come to the rescue and set the fashion of being silly.

France has 316,898 miles of local highways, built at a cost of $306,500,000, which the state furnished $71,000,000 and the interested localities $227,740,000. In addition to these

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

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These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

1785—Child's Box Coat, with or without the cape develops well in all seasonable coatings. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

1813—Child's Box-Plaited Dress, closed at left side of front and with applied yoke. This little frock is available to almost all material. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

1601—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. A charming model for Viyella or French flannel. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1519—Infant's Cloak, with square yoke and with or without triple cape. Corduroy or Benagaline are good materials for this model. One size.

1850—Child's One-Piece Dress, closed at centre of back. Would develop well in cheviot, serge or mohair. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

1796—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with turn-down collar. Lingerie and silk shirts of this style are among the most popular models. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1740—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with an under box-plait at centre, back seam and fan plaits at lower part of other seams. Plaid and striped goods are exceedingly smart in skirts of this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1834—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt, with plaited front gore and inverted box-plait at centre back seam and inserted box-plaits at lower part of other seams. For a separate skirt of cashmere, serge, Panama or cheviot it takes first rank. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1884—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, with yoke and long elbow sleeves. Washable materials could be utilized very well for this design. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1798—Ladies' Tucked Jumper or Guimpe-Waist, slipped on over the head; plaids and checks are exceedingly modish for these garments. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1899—Girl's Apron, with square yoke and star bertha. A very useful little apron, which may be developed in dimity, dotted Swiss, cross-barred muslin, cambric, jaconet or lawn. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

1513—Girl's Box-Plaited Dress, closed under centre, back box-plait and with turn-down or standing collar. This little frock develops well in any of the season's materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1399—Child's Low-necked Dress with Yoke and Pointed Bertha. This is a charming little model for a dressy afternoon or party frock. It is here pictured made of sheer China silk. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

1634—Ladies' Blouse Jacket, with vest and long or three-quarter length sleeves, and with or without peplum. These jackets are made up in suits and for independent wear. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1562 — Misses Box-plaited Shirtwaist. Closed at back. This smart-looking shirtwaist is one of the popular tailor-mades, and will be seen in linen, pique, flannel, cashmere and all the new shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1812—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. Closed at back. This style is especially recommended for French flannel. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1623—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with or without Bolero Straps. Tailor-made effects in linen, cotton, silk and woolen shirtwaists; are exceedingly smart. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1545—Misses' Seven-gored Skirt, with Inserted Box-plait at Center of Front. Gore and seams stitched in plait effect above extension laps. All sorts of suitings are available to this skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1609—Ladies' Nine-gored Flare Skirt. The many-gored skirt in circular effect is smart for cloths and woolen suitings. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1422—Misses' Coat with Box Front and Seam-fitted Back. These coats will be seen in checked, striped, plain and mixed cloths. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1791—Misses' Tucked Jumper or Guimpe Waist, Slipped on over the Head. Any of the season's materials will develop well in this jumper. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1842—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a Blouse with a Removable Shield, and Knickerbockers. A very good model for serge, flannel, pique or linen. 4 sizes—3 to 6 years.

1765—Girl's double-Breasted Box Coat, with shawl collar. Rough, plain, checked, mixed and plaid coatings are all modish for these coats. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1838—Girls' Double-breasted Box Coat. Such a coat may be made in tan, brown, blue or bright red cloth, and a double row of large pearl buttons ornament the front. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

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Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

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No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00

No. 107—16 size, 25-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$14.50

No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75

No. 111—16 size, 20-year open-face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00

No. 113—18 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50

No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 115—16 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

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CHANGE LOCATION OF DAMS

Locks on the Isthmus Placed Within the Safety Zone.

Washington, Dec. 28.—For strategic reasons and to prevent their bombardment and destruction by a hostile fleet, the Isthmian canal commission has determined to change the location of the dams and locks which it was originally intended to construct at La Boca and instead they will be built at Miraflores, four miles inland and within the zone of safety. President Roosevelt has approved the plans.

It is said that aside from strategic reasons advanced for the change in plans is also that of the question of cost, the saving of time in the completion of the canal, and a more satisfactory foundation can be secured at Miraflores. The estimated saving in cost will be considerable.

BIG BLAZE IN 'FRISCO

An Entire Block Is Swept by Flames.

San Francisco, Dec. 26.—Fire destroyed nearly the entire block bounded by Mission, Jessie, First and Second streets, early this morning. Several factories and stores were burned out and the loss will amount to more than $200,000. Most of the buildings destroyed were only temporary affairs, so that the loss was principally in stocks carried by the firms involved.

The Revere Rubber company suffered heavily, and it is believed will prove a total loss. The factory of Mangum & Otter, dealers in tiles and mantels, was destroyed, with the stock. Wooden & Little, implement dealers, lost building and stock, and so did the Eccles Smith company and Justian, Caire & Co., both hardware concerns. Quick work of the fire department saved a large section of the factory district which at one time was threatened.

CONDITION OF BANKS GOOD

New York State Institutions Hold Ample Reserves.

New York, Dec. 26.—Reports from 29 state banks, pursuant to the call of the state bank superintendent for a statement of their condition on December 19, have been received thus far.

Nearly all reflect the readjustment of loans and deposits made necessary by the recent financial stringency, but the shrinkage in cash reserves is smaller than might have been expected. It is a noteworthy fact that of the 29 banks reporting, only one shows that it had clearing house certificates outstanding on December 19.

In general, the statement shows that the state banks hold ample reserves, and several of them have larger sums on hand than the law requires.

SAY NOTES ARE FORGED

Endorsements on $74,000 Paper Not Genuine.

Washington, Pa., Dec. 27.—Officers of the Bank of California, Pa., charge that endorsements of $74,000 worth of paper given the institution by former Cashier O. F. Piper, are forged. The charge is made at the end of an investigation started when the bank closed several weeks ago. At that time Cashier Piper and William Lenhart, a business man of Pittsburg and Brownsville, were arrested, charged with conspiracy to defraud. Lenhart was released on bail, but Piper is in jail. The name used for the endorsements is that of a leading California business man whose identity the bankers refuse to divulge. He repudiates all of the signatures. Piper today denied that there were any forged signatures in the papers he handled.

Stockholders and officers planned to reopen the bank January 1, through a 30 per cent assessment and $20,000 forfeit on Piper's bond, but Bank Examiner Berkey refuses to allow resumption until these amounts are paid over in cash and has postponed the opening to January 14.

SITUATION IS CRITICAL

Barrett Says U. S. Must Pay Attention to Latin Americans

Madison, Wis., Dec. 28.—The importance of the Latin-American republics to the United States, from the standpoints of trade, commerce, personal intercourse, history and economic study was discussed at today's session of the American Political Science association. The meeting was held at the University of Wisconsin. Addresses were made by John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics; Professor L. S. Rows, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Hiram Bingham, of Yale.

M. Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, in his paper said that a critical situation is impending in the relations of the United States with Latin America, not critical in the sense that any serious diplomatic differences is about to develop, but critical rather in the sense that if the United States does not give more heed to the progress and importance of Latin America it will soon be so distanced by Europe in the race for the control of commerce and for the exercise of moral influence that it will never attain the position of leadership which it should hold among its sister republics.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 28.—Before the American Sociological society the affirmative side of the question, "Is Competition in American Life Becoming Too Intense?" was taken by J. C. Phelps Stokes, the New York millionaire settlement worker. Professor L. M. Keaseby, of the University of Texas, and Professor Thomas N. Carver, of Harvard, were also speakers.

CHOLERA TAKES 100 A DAY

Disease Is Ravaging the Pilgrims at Mecca.

Constantinople, Dec. 27.—Cholera is ravaging the pilgrims to Mecca, the deaths at Mecca, Medina and Yambo averaging 100 a day.

CRANE FOR TAFT BOOM

That Means the Capture of New England.

Vorys' Efforts Likely to Be Confined to the Campaign in Ohio.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—There is a circumstantial report in political circles today that the Taft movement is expecting to annex to its organization two politicians of the first rank, who will very soon appear in managerial roles. The two men mentioned are Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, and First Assistant Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock.

Senator Crane has been regarded for some time as the real manager, outside of Pennsylvania, of the Knox movement. The Knox people have relied upon him to line up a large share of the New England support for the Pennsylvanian. But some recent developments have brought to the Taft standard assurances of support from extremely potent New England political interests with which Senator Crane is closely affiliated, and in the mystery over the pending reorganization of the Taft management, the name of Senator Crane is now pushed to the front as the one to conjure with.

Senator Crane has been a lieutenant of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, ever since Crane appeared in the senate. He has developed high managerial skill and the suggestion of him as a convert to the Taft movement comes naturally upon the heels of the statement, for which there is the highest senatorial authority, that Rhode Island has been lined up for the Taft cause.

Senator Crane's conversion would mean a considerable improvement of the Tafe prospects in New England. The Taft people have recently claimed with much confidence that they would get an even break or better in Massachusetts. With Crane in command and Senator Lodge already committed to Taft, they would be expected to greatly better this.

According to the gossip which involves the names of Crane and Hitchcock, Mr. Hitchcock is to be the manager for Taft in the south. Hitchcock's organization of the federal "pie counter politicians," originally made in the third-term interest, would, according to program, be delivered en bloc to Taft. Such a coup, taken in connection with the annexation of a large share of New England strength, would place Taft farther to the front, his friends say, than he has been heretofore.

Whatever may be the detailed plans, there is no longer denial that a reorganization is pending in the Taft camp and will soon be announced. Mr. Vorys, it is said, will retain his connection with the Taft campaign, but his jurisdiction will be restricted to Ohio.

REPEAL ANTI-TRUST ACT

Railroads and Shippers Aim Blow at the Sherman Law.

Carriers and Business Concerns Also Seek a Change in the Hepburn Regulations.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—A combined effort on the part of the railways and powerful shipping interests to obtain the repeal of the Sherman anti-trust act, one of the main props of President Roosevelt's "big-stick" campaigns, is planned.

Apparently the common carriers and the big shippers are uniting to wipe out effectually the anti-trust law, or, at least, to render harmless that part of it applying to traffic associations.

Through the medium of this act most of the blows at corporate power have been struck by the federal government. Its passage marked a new era in the management of the big trusts and corporations. On every side its power to regulate combinations of capital has been upheld.

Symposium Is Given.

First intimation that the railways and shippers would exert powerful influences at Washington to obtain the repeal of the act, or, at least, of a part of it, is contained in a symposium published in the current issue of the Railway Age and participated in by railroad presidents, governors, railroad commissioners and representatives of large shipping interests.

Nearly every problem that is bothering the railroads and the shippers is touched upon, such as the effects of the Hepburn act, the question of additional legislation, the problem of state versus federal control, the effect of recent agitation upon the earning capacity of the railroads, the desirability of a uniform classification and the substitution of electricity as a motive power for steam roads.

The shippers and railway men seem to agree that the Hepburn act has brought some great benefits, the chief of which is the abolition of rebates, but that it is too soon to make a correct deduction of the effect of the act taken as a whole.

Conflict Is Deplored.

All deplore the conflict of state and national legislation, and also agree that the railroad interests and the shippers are rapidly getting closer together and are realizing that their interests are closely interwoven. Strangely enough, it is the shipping interests, as represented in the symposium, which complain most regarding some features of the Hepburn act. Two great shipping interests, one of them the American Bridge company, are outspoken for a repeal of the clause of the Hepburn act which makes it impossible for a railroad company to change a rate except by at least thirty days' notice. It was this clause which was planned to prevent what are termed "midnight tariffs," which were little else than preferential rates arranged for in view of a promised shipment.

$7,500,000 FOR RELIEF

Russian Parliament to Aid Famine Sufferers.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 28.—The last session of the Russian parliament, before the beginning of the Christmas holidays, was held today, and a famine appropriation of $7,500,000 was passed. There was only a bare quorum present, and the measure was practically not debated. This appropriation, with a few local bills, comprises the entire legislative product of the first six weeks' work of the third duma. Committee work, however, is well advanced, and the duma will be in a position to begin consideration of the budget and several other important measures soon after the recess, which terminates January 23.

The famine appropriation of today, which is double the amount originally proposed in the budget, will be immediately available for the relief of about twelve provinces. An additional appropriation will be necessary later.

A large part of the money voted today is to be distributed through the Zemstvos and other local organizations. This course is adopted, because the centralization of relief work, such as obtained in 1906, showed the danger of abuse, as for instance the Gurko-Lidval case.

FEARS TAFT WILL BE "SLAUGHTERED"

Senator Scott Says That Danger Lies in House of Foraker's Friends.

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 28.—Senator N. B. Scott, who arrived here yesterday from New York, in an interview said of the presidential candidates:

"Mr. Cannon has the advantage of the Republican congressmen, all being warm personal friends, and should they go into their individual districts and make a fight for delegates, it would make him a pretty strong candidate.

"I would say that Taft possibly is leading at the present time, but you know he is in danger of being slaughtered in the house of his own friends, or rather, in the house of Foraker's friends. If Foraker succeeds in getting a fair share of the delegates from Ohio, it is going to be pretty hard to nominate Taft.

"Fairbanks is a good, clean, strong man, and the country would make no mistake in nominating him. In my opinion, he is going to show a great deal more strength when it comes to the convention than a good many people look for.

Knox is a good man, would be perfectly safe and probably there is no better lawyer in the United States.

"Hughes, in my opinion, is not well enough known, and I do not believe that the Republican party wants a 'dark horse,' or wants to take a chance as to what the policies would be under a man like Hughes."

WORKMEN ON CANAL BREAKING RECORD

Excavation Last Month Would Cover 10 City Blocks to Depth of 40 Feet.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The excavation from the line of the Panama canal last month, aggregating 1,838,486 cubic yards, would have covered ten city blocks to a depth of forty feet. No such work has ever been done before as Colonel Goethals has been doing on the isthmus, according to statistics presented in the official canal record, just received.

For instance, it is shown that every fifty working days the commission is moving an amount of material equal to the pyramid of Cheops, which consumed the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years in the building and the services of the same number of men for ten years in constructing the road connecting the work with the quarry. The commission could build the Suez canal, at the present rate of progress, in 3.8 years, though it took ten years for De Lesseps to complete his work. The famous Manchester ship canal could be excavated by the American canal workers in just 25 months, and even Emperor William's magnificent Kiel canal could be dug by the Americans in just five years.

According to the latest health report from Panama, the isthmus has been free from yellow fever for more than eighteen months, and there has been a steady and continued improvement in the health conditions. Comparing the death rate for the year up to December 1st with that for the corresponding period in 1906, there has been a 50 per cent decrease, the figures being for this year 20.66 per thousand, against 30.61 last year. The sick rate also showed a marked improvement, being 20.49 for November, against 26.90 for October, 1907.

TOAD 1,000 YEARS OLD

This Reptile Makes Methuselah Green With Envy.

His Toadship Was Found in Solid Rock 500 Feet Under the Ground.

New York, Dec. 25.—In the reptile house of the New York Zoological Park they have a toad whose age is estimated to be perhaps 1,000 years.

Director W. T. Horaday almost reverences this antique betrachian as one of the greatest discoveries of the age, for hitherto all toads discovered under the same circumstances as was this ancient have been dead and often petrified.

This is a perfectly formed, medium sized toad of the spadefoot variety. It has only one defect. It is blind. It neither eats nor drinks. It is confined with a little oxygen in a glass jar.

Far Below Surface.

The zoological prize was found in a pocket in a solid block of limestone in a silver mine at Butte, Mont., 500 feet beneath the surface of the mountain. Charles Van Zandt, a mine operator, knowing Mr. Hornaday, had instructed his foreman, Edward Ring, to preserve for the director all specimens of natural history that might be thrown out by blasts in the mine. About seven months ago, after a blast, Mr. Ring discovered the toad in a tiny pocket of rock uncovered by the explosion.

The toad appeared to be dead, but the foreman picked it up, brought it to the surface and placed it carefully within a glass jar, which he sealed up. Director Hornaday heard of the find and expressed a desire to possess it for the Zoo. Yesterday the toad, still in the jar, was received at the Park. Close and repeated inspection revealed the truth that it moved sluggishly, although it had no nourishment and had had none for hundreds of years.

The creature has the customary warts and "jewel in its head," but its skin is as dark as a lump of coal.

The eyes are closed, its centuries of confinement having rendered the eyes utterly useless.

When Director Hornaday and Curator Ditmars discovered that the spadefoot was groping about with sluggish but voluntary movements, their surprise and joy were boundless.

For the first time has been proved apparently the truth of a controverted theory long held that toads can live untold years in a state of suspended animation.

Director Hornaday has not attempted to give food or drink to the black toad, as he believes it will exist without them, and should he try to feed it, would certainly die.

Was Not Harmed.

The little animal is quite plump. Mr. Hornaday and Mr. Ditmars adopt the theory of Miss Mary C. Dickinson, professor of natural history in the Rhode Island State Normal College at Providence, who says the toad had undoubtedly led a normal life on the mountain side centuries ago, when suddenly a landslide or earthquake sent the harmless, clumsy reptile down into a fissure 500 feet below the surface of the mountain.

It was not harmed in its rapid transit, and the filling up of the valley formed accidentally around the toad a perfect pocket or cyst. The batrachian, extremely tenacious of life, continued to live in a state of suspended animation. Finally, in the course of hundreds of years the deposits solidified into limestone.

This, according to Prof. Dickinson, an acknowledged authority on natural history, is the only way the toad could have got there.

Miss Dickinson estimates the age of the prehistoric toad as anywhere from between 200 and 1000 years.

BATTLE WITH BOBBERS

Many Shots Exchanged Between Posse and Thieves.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 27.—The bank of Camden Point, 30 miles southeast of this city, was robbed by three men early today and $4,000 in currency was taken. A fierce battle between citizens and the robbers took place, in which many shots were exchanged, but the robbers escaped.

The robbers were discovered by Prof. Barhan, president of the Camden Point college, who saw a light in the bank and aroused the citizens. Three explosions, set off by the burglars after the alarm was given, wrecked the safe and the interior of the bank.

The robbers were captured about 8 o'clock in the woods on Platte River near Edgerton Junction, a station on the Rock Island railroad.

The robbers told where they hid the money in a straw stack near Edgerton. One of the bandits has been identified as Clyde Reed, son of a respectable farmer near Edgerton. He is 25 years old.

WILL CURTAIL PRODUCTION

Cotton Manufacturers Will Cut Down Output.

Boston, Dec. 26.—At a meeting of cotton manufacturers of leading spinning centers of New England, held here today, it was announced that treasurers and managers, representing more than 80 per cent of the spindles, have agreed to curtail production to an amount equal to 25 per cent of the entire production.

COULD PHONE TO SUN

If Wireless Station Were Erected There.

Says Next Surprise Will Be Airships Controlled by Electric Waves.

New York, Dec. 25.—"Telephonic communication between continents is assured. It need not be discussed. My own experiments have demonstrated its practicability. The transmission of spoken messages by Poulsen between Berlin and Copenhagen should not be a subject of wonderment.

"The next surprise will be the utilization of electrical energy for the propulsion of airships, which will carry no batteries or other generators, and whose passage through the air will be controlled by electric waves generated on the earth planet."

This is the prediction made by Nikola Tesla in discussing the achievement of Waldemar Poulsen in transmitting spoken messages 250 miles without the use of wires.

Talked 250 Miles.

Poulsen (also spelled Poulson) announced last week the success of his invention after several years of experiment. Musical sounds were conveyed distinctly between Lyngby, near Copenhagen, to Weissensee, a suburb of Berlin. Special test words were conveyed with the greatest distinctness, and with precautions to disprove the claim made by rivals that the result was a trick or device. The spoken words were clear and the musical sounds clearer than those transmitted by wire, and were without any metallic whirr. The inventor expressed himself as particularly gratified to have been able to transmit sounds over land and sea 250 miles without the use of wires, but Tesla says the matter of distance is inconsequential, and that the world is about to see the sending of a

NIKOLA TESLA.

spoken message across the Pacific or across the Atlantic with the same readiness that a talk goes on between two women with only a tea table between them.

"To understand the significance of the new movement, which has begun practically with the transmission of wireless messages across the Atlantic, and wireless telephony in Germany, the reader must free himself from certain preconceived notions and ideas," said Mr. Tesla at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Wireless telegraphy is not so wonderful as it appears. It is not an invention at all. It is simply the application of a principle already developed.

"The most far-reaching result of this wireless departure is the entire elimination of distance. That is probably the hardest truth to grasp, and yet it is simple.

To Other Worlds, Too.

"As you know, I have erected a wireless plant on Long Island to be chiefly used for telephony. This plant will affect a telephonic receiver in Manila just as it would affect a receiver in Hoboken. Moreover, if the same plant were erected on a heavenly body as large as the sun it would transmit telephonic speech clearly to our earth and with exactly the same precision as from one point to another on this planet.

"The new idea signifies the absolute annihilation of distance in all the departments of human activity, and the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. The annihilation of distance must needs lead to the establishment of universal peace, and a universal language. The sending of a telephonic message between Germany and Denmark without wires is simply an incident."

JAP SPIES PROCURE MAPS

Have Complete Charts of Portland and Vicinity.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 28.—Mayor Harry K. Lane yesterday in an address before the National Guard association, declared that agents of the Japanese government had procured accurate maps of Portland, maps and specifications of every roadway leading into the city and of the various pipe lines from which the city obtains its water supply. Mayor Lane did not discover the presence of the alleged spies, he said, until their work was completed, whereupon he transmitted his information to Washington.

NAVAL TROUBLE ACUTE

Controversy Result of Action of Rear Admiral Brownson.

Brownson Resigned After Refusing to Transmit Orders From Pres. Roosevelt.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Not since the days preceding the passage of the personnel law, 10 years ago, has the feeling between line and staff of the navy been so acute as it is today as the result of the refusal of Admiral Brownson to transmit orders from his superior officer, the President of the United States, assigning a naval surgeon to command a vessel in the navy.

In the case of the personnel act, it was Mr. Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy, who acted the part of pacificator and succeeded in bringing the two warring factions together in support of the legislation which for a decade past, though a makeshift, has served to maintain peace between the two factions in the navy. In the present instance, however, the effort of the President to reconcile the surgeons and the line officers has failed and it is probable that the whole controvery will be threshed out on its merits in congress.

Is Deprecated.

This is much deprecated by conservative officers in both line and staff, as likely to prove prejudicial to the navy's interest as a whole, for they believe that in order to succeed in securing from congress the four great battleships, the cruisers, scouts and submarines which form a part of the year's naval estimates, in addition to securing legislation that will better the lot of naval officers personally, the navy must present a united front, which cannot be done if just at the beginning of a session line and staff are to engage in a fierce strife. Through the published statement of Surgeon General Rixey, the merits of the doctor's side of the case in this instance have been clearly set forth. Line officers believe that in common fairness they should also have a hearing. But they are in an embarrassing position in that respect. Admiral Brownson preceded his resignation by a cold, clear and logical presentation of the reasons why he objected to the assignment of a physician to command a naval ship, even though that vessel were exclusively devoted to hospital uses.

That statement was submitted to the President, and notwithstanding the staff has had its say in print, applications at the White House for this letter are met with refusal. Now it is clearly impossible for Admiral Brownson or any of his line officers to make public a copy of the letter without incurring the risk of a court martial on charges of disrespect towards their superior officer, the President of the United States. So they can only look for a change in the executive mind or for the congressional investigation which will develop all the facts.

It may be stated, in the absence of the text of Admiral Brownson's letter, that his objection to the execution of the President's order to place a surgeon in command of the hospital ship Relief was twofold. In the first place, like every line officer, he believed that the subordination of any line officer, no matter how low in grade, to a staff officer on shipboard, was bad policy and subversive of naval discipline.

A Stronger Objection.

But a stronger objection, in his mind, was that the proposed action was clearly illegal, inasmuch as it is forbidden by law or naval regulation to assign a staff officer to command a ship. It is only fair to the staff side to state that is debatable ground and that it would not be difficult to construe the naval laws and regulations in either way.

So it is not to be doubted that when the subject comes before congress for consideration the lawyers in that body will find material to support either contention.

Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson, whose resignation as chief of the bureau of navigation of the navy department was announced at the White House Tuesday, turned over the affairs of his office to Captain Cameron McR. Winslow, who has been designated to take charge of its work. He then said goodbye to his late associates in the office and returned to his home.

FAMINE GROWS SEVERE

Conditions More Serious Than at First Reported.

Boston, Dec. 28.—Additional advices from Eastern Turkey and Armenia, received today by the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, indicate that the famine already reported is more severe than was first anticipated and the tide of immigration to this country was never so strong as at present.

Secretary Harry Wade Hicks writes from Harpoot that upon returning to that city recently he met hundreds of Arabs and Armenians going in the direction of Samsoon and eventually to America.

All these persons were young or middle-aged, able-bodied men, representing the strongest element of the population in that country and sufficiently well off to make the necessary "gift" to leave Turkey and pay their passage to America. It is estimated that 1,200 families have left the vicinity of Harpoot since last April and the tide of emigration is continually rising.

LEWIS TO HEAD MINERS

Ohio Man Elected to Mitchell's Place.

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 28.—Officials of the Fifth Ohio sub-district of United Mine Workers of America have received returns from a majority of districts in the United States, and with the exception of a few districts in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, Vice President T. L. Lewis has received a majority of votes for national president of the United Mine Workers, to succeed John Mitchell. Lewis is a resident of Bridgeport, O.

EVEN BRYAN CONSERVATIVE

So Says Tom L., in Talking of Presidency.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 28.—Mayor Johnson has reiterated his position with reference to the suggestion that he manage the national Democratic campaign. Incidentally he discredited a recent story from the East that he had turned down an offer of the place.

"I have said heretofore," said the mayor, "and I say now, that the choice of the chairman of the committee to manage the national campaign is always the choice of the candidate named by the national convention.

"For any man to anticipate the nominee and then anticipate that the nominee would appoint him chairman would be the height of impropriety and the height of folly. I will not place myself in any such condition."

Mayor Johnson said he was sure that Bryan would be the Democratic nominee. "I don't want anybody more conservative than Bryan," he said. "Even Bryan is too conservative for me."

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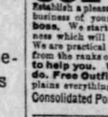

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WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colorado.

McCLOSKEY WIRE FENCE HAND WEAVING MACHINE keeps old fence in perfect repair; builds new fence cheaper than factory. Price $6.50; booklet free; agents wanted; Toledo, O.

Attractive young lady, worth $30,000, desires the acquaintance of a gentleman, with a view to marriage; no objection to poor man with good character. Garfield, 2094 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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HOLIDAY WITH FLEET.

Men Have a Fine Time at Port of Spain.

Torpedo Boat Flotilla Delayed by Accident to the Destroyer Lawrence.

Port of Spain, Dec. 25.—The first day of the officers and men of the American battleship fleet at this port proved to be an enjoyable one. Bright sunshine favored the visitors and after everything was made shipshape on board the battleships two thousand men were permitted to come ashore.

The officers of the fleet to the number of a hundred or more attended a garden party, at which they had the opportunity of meeting many of the prominent public men of Port of Spain.

Sir Henry Moore Jackson, governor of Trinidad, accompanied by his staff returned the visit of Rear Admiral Evans, which the American commander had made in the morning, and extended to him and some fifty of the superior officers an invitation to luncheon.

All through the day the great American ships, as well as those who manned them, were objects of special interest to the entire populace, who found time to make the occasion a gala one.

The town put on its best attire and pleasing decorations greeted the eye at every turn.

The men of the fleet, who were given shore leave, spent their time in sightseeing and playing at various games and their behavior in every respect was most exemplary. The holiday feeling spread even to the ships themselves, where amusements of all kinds were permitted.

The torpedo boat flotilla, which started on its way to Para, Sunday, was forced to return on account of the damage to the machinery of the destroyer Lawrence. As the flotilla was preparing to leave the harbor again the Whipple's propeller fouled the anchor of the collier Fortuna and a second halt was called to the expedition south. Divers went to work at once to clear the propeller and it was expected that the flotilla would get away soon.

There will be numerous social functions here in honor of the American officers and one day will be given over to the races.

INFERNAL MACHINE FOUND

Sent in the Mail to a Man in Erie.

Erie, Pa., Dec. 25.—While distributing Christmas bundles in the South Erie sub postoffice yesterday afternoon an employe became suspicious of a package, the end of which had broken open, and upon making an investigation the package was found to contain an infernal machine so constructed that the opening of the box would cause an explosion that would have undoubtedly killed all persons near it and set fire to everything in the vicinity.

The package was addressed to Archie Carr, 2208 Cherry street, and had been mailed in this city. The box was turned over to Postmaster Sobel, who called in Chief of Police Wagner and Detective Pinney. The chief cut on the side of the box and exposed a bottle and contrivances so arranged that the opening of the lid would pull the cork and ignite several matches.

The following inscription was on the inside wrapper:

"You may perhaps find the cover will catch a little when you open the box, but pay no attention to it. Merry Christmas."

Dr. J. W. Wright, health officer and chemist, after an examination of the bottle said it contained a high explosive, but would give no other details until after a further examination. A postoffice inspector is expected here shortly.

PACIFIC COAST HELPLESS

In Case Foe Should Land Force, Says Woodbury.

Declares 15,000 Infantry Are Needed There — 2,000 on Coast Now.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 28.—Col. T. C. Woodbury, acting commander of the department of the Columbia, U. S. A., in a statement yesterday, said that the whole Pacific coast would be helpless in case the navy should prove unable to prevent the landing of a force of 20,000 Japanese or other foreign army at any of the numerous unprotected bays along the coast. He said there are not 2,000 regulars on the coast to resist an attack by land, while 15,000 infantrymen are needed.

FAMILY OF FIVE BURNS

Every Member of Clark Household Dies in Flames.

Boston, Dec. 27.—Five persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the house of John C. Clark at Watertown, a suburb, early today. Every member of the Clark family met death in the flames.

The dead are: John C. Clark, his wife and their three children, John, aged 11, Philip, aged 9, and Doris, aged 2. The flames had made great headway when first discovered by a neighbor, shortly after 1 o'clock. The house was about two miles from the center of the town and by the time the firemen reached the scene the house had been burned almost to the ground. The firemen were able to locate the bodies of the father and two boys, but the mother and little girl were not found until the ruins of the house had cooled sufficiently to permit a more thorough search.

Mr. Clark was a salesman in a seed store on Faneuil square, Boston. The house was valued at about $5,000.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

MONDAY.
Resolve to keep happy, and your joy shall form an invincible host against difficulties.

TUESDAY.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

WEDNESDAY.
Sometimes we must face the shadows where the wind blows keen and cold.
But the shadow fades the dawning, and the east is flecked with gold.

THURSDAY.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted;
Never was one said in vain.

FRIDAY.
Smiles are contagious, so are tears.

SATURDAY.
"It's not so much what you have as what you are that makes your heaven." The bright cheery soul who lives the life of trust only sees the sunny side of everything; she has learned to endure cheerfully and wear a bright face when everything looks dark."

WE AND OUR FRIENDS

Make none but kindy criticisms of friends. This is a sentence to hold in mind, and to make one of the rules we live by. None of us would deliberately injure another, but sometimes injury is heedlessly done, by talking when it would be better to keep still. If we cannot say something pleasing about a friend we should be silent, but it too often happens that, without stopping to think, we express opinions or tell facts that prejudice others, and harm results where no harm was intended.

Charity, charity, is what we all need to cultivate. Holding fast to the thought of charity, the temptation to say critical or unkind things will be greatly lessened, and we would always be looking for the best in others instead of dwelling upon the worst.

To make ourselves learn to do this is one of the important things in life. A help toward accomplishing this is to try to put ourselves in the other person's place when we are displeased or critically inclined, and also to remember that we do not know the cause of some act of which we cannot approve.

This last is even more important than the first. With the best will in the world it is practically impossible to put ourselves in another's place, unless one happens to be such a close friend that all the circumstances are known. The fact that we know only the thing that was done, and none of the causes, unfortunately, does not prevent us from making comments, and in our ignorance lies the danger of our doing harm. If we could know what influenced the person to act as she did, we might see that under the circumstances we should not even have done so well, and far from blaming, we would praise. A recognition of our own ignorance will do much to bring toleration and prevent unkind criticism.

It should be as easy to say nice things as unkind ones, yet it is true that the most critical are the most ignorant, for those who know anything of life, its complications, difficulties and trials, are the most lenient and forgiving. A woman who has lived a secluded existence is far more apt to think she knows all about everything and what should be done at all times, than the one who has garnered knowledge in the stress of life, and from her experience has learned charity. It is the woman who learns as she grows who becomes kindly and criticism is not as often heard from her as justification.

If we cannot say kind things about another or cannot justify an act we do not understand, at least we may keep silent about it. Even more, we may try to apply a kindly motive and not a disagreeable one. In that way we shall not be harming another, and we may be doing good by practicing charity which nourishes love and kindness.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A LETTER FROM SANTA CRUZ.

As I have not noticed any letters from our "City by the Sea," I decided that a few words from here might be acceptable. We live where we can see the ocean, but the bay is hidden from our view. Often at night we hear the breakers pounding on the rocks. A few evenings ago, I rode along the cliff, where the golden glow of the sun was still reflected on the sky in the west, and at the same time the moonlight was dancing on the waves. Our city is noted for its beautiful scenery, but I am not very good at description, so I will only say that it has a background of mountains and vine-clad hills.

We have lived in our present home only two years and a half, and started everything new. A year ago last spring, we set out a number of young trees, among them two lemon trees. Now there are two nearly full-grown lemons on one tree. We had a few grapes this year and plenty of strawberries all summer. Ever since the middle of November we have had strawberries, green corn and string beans from our garden.

Now, maybe you will have charity for me if I seem to be bragging a bit, about our climate, when I tell you that I came from "way back east," where geraniums and calla lilies were house plants, instead of being hardy out-door plants, as they are here. Some winters the lilies are in blossom every month, and are almost too common to be valued.

If "Dolly," the shut-in little girl, would care for some pansy seeds, and will send me her address, I will send her some. Mrs. Graves suggested our signing our names, as it would seem more like real friends. I liked her letter and intended to write to her before this. And we should send to the invalid lady, Mrs. Jane Kinkade, at least a pretty postal card, or a choice poem, or a cheering letter. Maybe I can send her a bit of sea moss.—Mrs. M. W. Brown, 34 Bellevue avenue, Santa Cruz, California.

ABOUT EATING.

Here is what I eat and drink at my two meals a day: One cup of coffee, two or three slices of bread, one small piece of meat. I have this for breakfast and the same for supper. I intend to cut the meat out of my bill of fare, for my reason is this: If a person can live upon a peanut a day, why eat two and let one go to waste?

Many think, "How can he exist?" Appetite is all of the brain, not the stomach. The more we eat, the more we think of food. The more we think of it, the more we crave. Up in the head, close to the ear, is a little faculty called appetite. If this is over-developed, well, your thoughts will dwell upon food and you will eat too much. Food acts as a stimulant, just as whisky.

As I gaze around me, I see the whole of mankind struggling. I say, "why all this effort?"

"Ah, we must live," they say. "We must fill our bins, etc.".

The people of Arabia eat a handful of corn at a meal, and endure great physical trials. The Yoga of India subsist upon one handful of rice a day. The coolies of China carry 400 pounds at a time; go many miles, and eat nothing but rice and drink tea.

Why work just to eat? Why not employ your brain and talents to make the world progress?—Robert C. Knox.

AGAINST THE HIRING PLAN.

The writer of this letter enters a protest against the hiring plan suggested to Anxious Mother in some of the letters of advice.

Let me warn you if you ever begin the hiring plan in order to gain obedience from your children you will see many anxious moments. Our national government is the best in the world. It was devised by wise men. Its citizens are never hired to obey the laws, but are punished if they disobey. As we train our boys and girls in the home so they will be when they are grown. I taught in the public schools for sixteen years, and have come in contact with many families. Not once have I seen anything but ruin follow the hiring system. I especially remember one home in which the mother would begin with a penny and bid up as high as a dollar before she got compliance with her wishes. Of seven boys brought up in that home not one has made a good citizen. They frequently figure in police court, and one was shot a short time ago while stealing from a neighboring barn. Their lives are all failures simply because they were not taught in youth that laws in the home must be obeyed because it is right, and that it was their duty to be respectful, deferential and helpful to their father and mother and also to one another.

I remember one wise father and mother that brought their little boy to the home of the teacher the week before school began, and, although they were entire strangers they stayed through the day to enable the boy to get acquainted. Then they invited the teacher to their home, and entertained her as a guest for three weeks.

The child fiercely rebelled at first against going to school, but he finally overcame his fear and timidity and was eager to go.—A Farmer's Wife.

HER CHILDREN.

Though I have written before I do not know if I have told you that I have four of the most precious jewels this world holds. They are my four children whom God has entrusted my care and whom I am trying to bring up pure men and women. My eldest child, Daisy, is 12 years old. Willie is 10, Pearl is 6, and George Theodore is 2. His birthday is the Fourth of July and he is named George for our first president, and Theodore for our present one. I hope he will grow up to be an honor to their names. With God bless you all, I will close.—D. P. D.

A BUSY WOMAN.

As baby is asleep and the other children are out, I will try to greet you all. In our home we think a great deal of The Blade. It is always welcome. My husband turns to the Poets' Corner, but the Cozy Corner is what I like best.

As I am the mother of three small children, the oldest four years of age and the youngest only six months, anything I can find about the care of them, or how to make work easier, is a great help.

We live on a farm of three hundred acres and keep a big dairy, and I have to milk most of the time as we cannot get hired help. I have milked thirteen and fourteen cows several times this past summer, fed calves and raised a large number of chickens and turkeys besides doing my housework. I help with the "chores," and then my husband looks after the babies while I do my work, or if they are good, he helps me.

If any of the sisters has a small girl or boy with long curly hair that is always snarly in the morning, try making a nightcap out of some thin material or lace. Tuck the hair in that when it is put on the child's head, and in the morning there will be hardly a snarl in it. It saves both baby's head and mother's patience.

Well, baby says time is up, so I shall have to close. With best wishes.—Blue Jay.

SHE APPRECIATES US.

I receive so many good things from The Blade Household that I thought I must write and tell you how much I enjoy reading your good letters. I have written twice before to the Corner under the name of Country Girl, and now I wish to change to "A Pilgrim."

Oh, I almost forgot about Thanksgiving, but I want to say that each and every day of our lives should be made a day of thanksgiving to our heavenly father.—A Pilgrim.

HELPFUL HINTS.

To clean lace curtains without washing them: Shake the curtain gently to remove the loose dust, then spread a clean sheet on a table and lay the curtains, one above the other, with a plentiful sprinkling of unsifted corn meal or bran between. Roll them up snugly and put away in a dry place for a week or ten days. Then shake the bran out, and with a moderately hot iron press out the wrinkles. This process will make your curtains as fresh as new.

To remove stains from marble: Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one of finely powdered chalk. Sift through a fine sieve, and mix with water to the consistency of paste. Rub this well over the marble and the stain will be removed. Wash the marble afterwards with soap.—Mrs. J. C. Bell.

I wish to tell the sisters about my way of sweeping. I sprinkle my broom with kerosene, and it prevents the dust from rising, and also keeps moths from the carpet.—Carolyn Elizabeth.

One of our friends says: "Please tell the sisters that a good way to prevent cold fingers when hanging out clothes, is to have a dish of hot water to dip the hands in occasionally."

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

Several cures for chapped hands have been received in response to Eulon's inquiry. Three of these are the following:

In answer to a request for a remedy for chapped hands, I will send a recipe I have used for years and find it the best and cheapest I have ever tried. It is very good for chapped lips, also. Take equal parts of glycerin, bay rum, rose water and witch hazel. I have an eight-ounce bottle filled for fifteen cents.—A. C.

Equal parts of glycerin and ammonia. Wash the hands carefully and apply.—J. M. M.

Ten cents' worth of glycerin and bay rum, each. The juice of one lemon. Mix in a bottle and shake thoroughly. After washing the hands with soap and warm water, apply while they are still moist.—Mrs. Brown.

Moisten castile soap and rub it on the hands before going to bed. Let it dry in.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to make tamales, and light, fluffy steamed brown bread?—Mrs. G. A. C.

Will some one please tell me of some simple, harmless means of destroying hair on the arms?—Lonely Floe.

OUR CORESPONDENTS.

During the past two weeks letters have been received from Winter, Lillie Moore, A. C. Chaudoin, M. G., Aunt Emma, A. Busy Woman, Michigan Girl, A Widow, Ada Jane, Mrs. Ella E. Helmick, Peachie, G. B. H. Michigan, A Stranger Friend, Dutchie, and Mrs. Lydia L. Etier.

Grey Wing:—Will you please send your address to the editor of the Household. I supposed I had it, but it has disappeared.

We were obliged to leave out three lovely Christmas letters because they did not reach us in time. You see, we had to be either a week ahead or a week late with our Christmas page, and we chose to be early, so our page was in print before these letters arrived.

Do not be disappointed or feel neglected if your letters are not printed as soon as you expect. They certainly will be, one of these days, as none has gone to the waste basket.

Many letters have been received from children. Next week some of these will be published.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

The editor regrets that the name of the one who sent the following excellent recipes has been lost.

Cookies:—One cup of lard, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to make a soft dough.

Caramel Filling—One cup of light brown sugar, one-half cup of water, lump of butter the size of a small walnut. Boil until it will spin a thread. Pour into a plate and beat until light.

Johnnie Cake—Two pints of buttermilk, one egg, one-fourth cup of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of melted lard, salt to taste, two teaspoonfuls of soda, equal parts of meal and flour to make stiff enough.

To Season Sausage—To seven gallons of ground meat add two cups of salt, two cups of sage and one cup of pepper.

Granna, who was very much under the weather with la grippe when she wrote, was thoughtful enough, to send this recipe for loaf cake—Two cups of sugar, one of milk, and one of yeast, any kind will do. Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nutmeg, raisins, a little salt, three-quarters of a cup of shortening—part butter—and enough flour to make two loaves.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes:—Mix and sift two and one half cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of soda; then add two cupfuls of sour milk and one egg well beaten. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle rubbed over with turnip. Cook on one side, and when puffed full of bubbles and cooked on the edges, turn and cook on the other side. Serve with butter and maple syrup.

Entire Wheat Griddle Cakes:—Mix and sift one-half cupful of entire wheat flour, one cupful of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, and add slowly to the first mixture. Beat thoroughly, and add one tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook and serve same as other griddle cakes.

Cakes Will Be Delicately Brown if the Griddle is Rubbed Over with a Turnip.

Caramel Pudding:—Mix a quart of bread crumbs with a quart of boiling milk. When cold mix with a half pound of seeded raisins, dates, currants and one grated nutmeg. Add half pound of sugar and butter. Beat four eggs very light. Stir all together and bake. Then cover with a thick, caramel frosting.

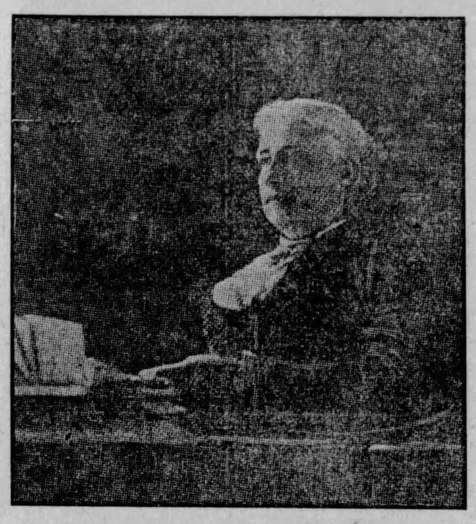
Snappy Ginger Snaps:—Stir one cupful of lard (or lard and butter mixed) into one cupful of dark molasses and one-half cupful of boiling water till melted. Lift from the fire, add one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful each of salt and ginger with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of black pepper. Sift one level teaspoonful of soda with one cupful of flour to make a moderately stiff dough that can be rolled out without kneading. Bake on greased tins in a quick oven.

D. P. D. sends us these suggestions:—The first is for German coffee cake. When I bake I save one quart of sponge and add one and a half cups of sugar, two or three eggs, if I have them, though sometimes I haven't, but it is nearly as good without, about one cup of butter, three-fourths of a cup of cow's milk or the same amount of water with condensed milk enough to make it rich, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda, and flour enough to make a dough. Let it rise and knead down. Roll it out about one inch or a very little more in thickness. Lay it in bread pan, let rise, and bake. Just before pitting in the oven sprinkle with melted butter or cream on the top. Sometimes, for a change, I take the same dough for flavoring. Once I grated lemon rinds in it and the children thought mother had a new kind of cake.

Cake Icing.—For chocolate icing, I buy chocolate creams, melt them in a double boiler, and when my cake is ready, I spread the melted candy on. It gets hard and is not sticky. I use candies for most any other kind of icing. Never add water and use Judgment in melting. White creams make delicious frosting which can be decorated with little hearts or any of the fancy candies. This is a secret I do not tell, but the dear Cozies are more than welcome to it.

Now I must thank you for those Swedish turnip recipes. They are all right. Special thanks to the one that sent them.

A NOTED WRITER AND REFORMER



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

In a modest house in Boston, on the last day of August, 1844, a girl was born to the Reverend Austin Phelps and to Elizabeth Stuart, his wife. The baby, then christened Mary Gray, after her mother's most intimate friend, has been known to the world for many years as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, a talented writer and a reformer.

She had unusual parentage. Her father had a depth of spirituality, an exalted mind and a noble nature that easily made him pre-eminent among his peers. He will be longest remembered for The Still Hour, a book on prayer which had a world-wide reading. Mrs. Phelps was also a successful author, being not even yet forgotten as the writter of The Sunny Side Elizabeth Stuart Phelps died when her daughter was eight years old, and bequeathed her name as well as her literary genius to her motherless child. So Mary Gray became Elizabeth Stuart, carrying on by virtue of inheritance and choice the gifts and the graces of her highly endowed parents. Both of her grandfathers were clergymen; one was a distinguished professor, and the other a practical abolitionist in slavery times.

Brought up with brothers in a professional household, her education was that of a boy. Indeed, I have heard it whispered that in feats of agility she was a good deal of a tomboy, when she wrote her first story at the age of thirteen. However that may be, with the exception of Greek and the higher mathematics, she used at schools substantially the text books that her brothers studied at college. At nineteen she began the story that puzzled and disrupted the religious world. On November 9, 1868, when she was twenty-four years old, The Gates Ajar was published, and in one bound the young girl found herself famous.

Few are the writers who have survived forty years of storm and criticism, of adulation and success. Indeed, the one is generally as fatal as the other in a much shorter period of endeavor.

Not forgetting her Sunday school books, most of which (except the Gipsy and the Tiny series) are now out of print, Mrs. Ward has published about forty volumes. These have included poetry, short stories, novels and books of reform and of religious philosophy.

Mrs. Ward began her work as a reformer when she was a young lady twenty years of age, by becoming a part of the life of the mill girls in Andover. To help some one, to mother the friendless, the ignorant or the erring may be called her divine mania. Whether it be the tempted beyond her gates or the maid within her door—no needy soul that she has the strength to reach is overlooked.

Of late years she has taken into her heart and work the animals, which, in the name of science are sacrificed in experimental cruelties. She has labored in their behalf by legislation, pamphlet and story, the best part of the past seven years.

Of Mrs. Ward's home life little can be said, because little is known outside of her intimate circle. She has, after nineteen years of married life, an ideal literary union with her husband, in an ideal home. Their home life is simple, sweet and retired, and is shared by a French spaniel, a gentle collie and devoted attendants.

Two of Mrs. Ward's most notable books are a novel, The Singular Life, and The Story of Jesus Christ.—From The Woman's Home Companion.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

In my last letter I told you I was going to live on a claim in South Dakota. I have not departed for my new home yet, but our house is just finished, and in less than two months I hope to be living there. I wish the members of this circle could have been with me when I visited Minnehaha Falls, which are a few miles from Minneapolis, Minn. To get the full benefit of their beauty you must go down into the ravine in which they fall. It looked as if each tiny drop of water was hurrying to get ahead of its neighbor.

As I stood looking at the falls, I thought of Hiawatha, and wondered if the voice of Minnehaha was half so sweet to him as the laughing murmur of the water was to me. We did not stay below the falls long, as the mist produced by the falling water was very damp. We ascended the broad stone steps and stood on the bridge above the falls. This sight was not half so grand as the other one had been. After about two hours of sightseeing we boarded the small steamer that was at the landing, and, after much whistling and puffing, the boat started on its journey, carrying us on our ride of about seventeen miles. While going down the river we passed the Soldiers' Home and Fort Snelling, which we had already visited. They are built on a bluff about two hundred feet above the river.—Thelma from Iowa.

I should like to be admitted into a circle of young people all trying to live up to such an excellent motto.

I am a "Hoosier," and live on a large farm by a river, and very near a town. I find great enjoyment in nature and in my home, as I have such a great love for music. With my piano and good books, many hours pass happily that otherwise might be lonely.

Our motto is certainly an excellent one, for therein lies the means of true happiness. Now, really, is there not much happiness and beauty in this old world? The only reason that sometimes we do not realize it, is because we do not see our everyday blessings and improve our opportunities, but look for them elsewhere. There is so much good in our fellowmen if we only will look for it. It would make mankind doubly dear to us if we would see and praise their many virtues.

To you who have taught school:—I have had some experience in that line, and know how trying it is oftentimes. And yet you will all agree there is much to be gained in an educational way, learn to meet and overcome the difficulties that arise, while the great knowledge of human nature acquired is worth while. We should seek to improve daily in an educational way, also to live purer and nobler lives.

I have been a reader of the M. G. R. for several years and find it very interesting.—Hoosier Velma.

So much has been said of favorite virtues, I want to express my views, in hopes that some one may be benefited by them, as I have been.

Sister Cherry, you expressed perhaps, more than you thought when you said love was your favorite virtue.

Buckeye Mother, when you held up to the gaze of our circle, the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, you struck solid ground. And Volunteer Boy, if I am not mistaken, you have tasted of this "love divine." Hence we are true brothers and sisters.

This love is so sublime, I cannot begin to follow it. It was that unselfish love that robbed heaven of its brightest jewel and gave to sinful men and women a redeemer. No wonder Paul could tell us, "it was the fulfilling of the whole law," for it is the foundation of all that is good and noble. Show me a man or woman so hardened by sin that this love cannot dwell in their hearts, and I will show you one void of all redeeming qualities. And if one lives and dies unacquainted with it, then this epitaph can justly be written about his sleeping dust: "'Twere better had I never lived.

Dear sisters of our helpful circle, did you ever try to analyze 13th, 1st Corinthians? Paul contrasts it with eloquence. And what a noble gift it is. He also compares it to the gift of prophecy, and all knowledge, and all faith, and in his estimation it was greater than either of these. In the days when he penned those lines for us, men were working their passage to heaven by keeping the ten commandments, and the hundred and ten commandments they had manufactured out of them.

Now I want to say, if we have this love in its fullness, we will do the hundred and ten things without ever thinking about it. Taking any of the commandments: "Thou shalt have no other God's before me." If a man loves God there would be no need to tell him that. "Take not His name in vain." Would he ever dream of such a thing if he loved Him. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would he not be too glad to have one day in the seven to dedicate exclusively to the object of his love, and so, if he loved man, he would not have to be told not to kill and to honor his father and his mother. There are nine ingredients in this love. Let me see if I can give them an interpretation.

Patience—Love suffereth long.
Kindness—And is kind.
Generosity—Love envieth not.
Humility—Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.
Courtesy—Doth not behave itself unseemly.
Unselfishness—Seeketh not his own.
Good temper—Is not easily provoked.
Gullelessness—Thinkest no evil.
Sincerity—Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but truth.

Now if we have these nine ingredients, our bad qualities will vanish. I speak from experience. I know clouds and difficulties will besiege us while we live, but if we are anchored in Christ by love, we will have a compass that will steer us off the reefs. And every wave that beats against our frail barque will just be drifting us up to the heavenly shore, where Jesus will take us by the hand and lift us up on solid ground.

In making my adieu, let me give you a hearty God bless you, and when we meet up yonder and are called upon to give an account to our stewardship here, I hope we will all hear that grand approval, "Well Done."—Cricket Hall.

Blue-Eyed Blonde sends us a few lines in which she says:—I have always been interested in the M. G. R. We live on a farm. I am 15 years old and am in the eighth grade. Bookkeeping is my favorite study.

Miss Fidget writes:—Please let me sit by Romeo from W. Va., for I am sure we are well acquainted, but if we should chatter too much of "old times," you may put me on another seat. Brown-eyed Bonnie, your ideas are mine also. I live among the West Virginia hills. My favorite study is music, and I agree with Gladstone's view, that "music is the speech of angels."

During the past week we have received for our column letters from Tinie Darnell; Mrs. A. V. Downs; Michigan Bach., and Lily of the Valley from Old Buckeye.

THE ANGEL WINGS

By AUDIE

Such a beautiful garden, hedged in on every side with great, gnarled trees, where birds sang all day long. A sparkling stream of the purest, clearest water flowed through the center of the garden, and here little fish sported through the day, and the birds took their morning plunge, fluttering their bright plumage in the sparkling water, for nothing is afraid in the Garden of Youth. On every side, fair and lovely flowers bloomed. There were tall and stately lilies, bright buttercups, daisies, violets, pansies, and roses, that spread their beauty, filling the air with their fragrance, and in the flowers, dainty humming birds, busy bees, and gay butterflies made their home.

Yes, it was an ideal garden, and Eunice could not remember when she entered it, but far back she recollected kneeling in the soft green grass, where the bank of the stream was low, and seeing a laughing reflection of a merry child, with dark hair and eyes. She had thrown a handful of pebbles at the image, causing a dozen pictures where one had been. Some called the stream Folly, while others named it Gaiety, but there it was in the center of the Garden of Youth.

As the days glided by, Eunice ceased romping among the flowers and talking to the birds. She loitered along the banks of the stream, and knelt to peep at her reflection as she had long ago. She twined the flowers in her dark curls and she grew interested in watching some bright insects weaving the most wonderful webs across the waters. Sometimes they would be busy for days with one web, and then again they would weave one in a single day, or hour, and the breeze would catch it and naught would be left. I've been told by some one, that these insects were called Golden Fancies, and the breezes went by the name of Disillusion.

Thus the days passed and Eunice came to the edge of the garden where a hedge separated it from the great fields beyond. These fields looked beautiful, with the green corn rustling and whispering in the wind, the golden wheat beckoning her to come and work, while overhead great rosy clouds floated, and the prospect was very fair. Broad steps lead out of the garden, and then there was a leap for her to take and she would be in the midst of the field.

Back in the days when Eunice had first played along the bank of the stream she had often noticed above her, floating with other clouds, only seemingly nearer, a soft, white cloud. So bright it was in its glistening white, that Eunice often thought of it as the wings of some fairy or angel and she wished that it might come nearer. Of late she had not noticed it; not that it was not there, but that she was too busy watching webs as they glittered in the sun, to look at the glory of the cloud.

As Eunice stood at the foot of the steps, about to ascend them, she thought there might be an easier way into the fields, and, turning, she followed the stream where it glided along the hedge. Suddenly the hedge ceased, and she found herself at the turn of the stream. It had grown until it was almost a river. Then it was that she saw far across on the other side a beautiful white flower with a golden heart, and she imagined she could almost catch its perfume, so fair it seemed. All thoughts of the grain fields were past, and Eunice began considering how she could gain the flower of her desire.

Seemingly there was no way. The blossom nodded so invitingly to her that at last she tried to make a raft from some loose branches fallen from the trees. While she was thus busied a dark cloud floated between her and the flower. She became impatient and hastened to launch her frail bark, for fear the flower would be gone. The cloud grew blacker and more threatening. Still she did not heed, but watched the closer for the beautiful flower which had been in her mind so long.

The cloud closed around her and Eunice felt the raft float out from beneath her. She grew suddenly blind and dizzy, and was thrown high upon the bank she had started from. She lay and wept bitter tears of disappointment and grief over the loss of the flower and her anguish of body. Her fall had been severe, and, as she lay there with the dark cloud hanging over her she remembered the fields of waving grain that she had never entered.

Then Eunice suffered from remorse and wished she had never seen the flower. She thought that very likely it was not so beautiful after all. She made a resolve to see the fields again, and lo and behold, the cloud vanished and in its place was a silvery cloud, soft and shining. Then Eunice remembered the angel wings of her childhood and a great happiness filled her heart. Looking across the stream the bright rays from the cloud enabled her to see the flower clearly. There in its heart she saw a serpent thrusting out its glittering head, and she knew the dark cloud had saved her from its poisonous fangs.

She turned gladly toward the fields where she worked hard and joyfully. Above her head floated the angel wings, and the beauty of her work brought strength and healing. Little blue flowers of hope blossomed at her feet, and bye and bye when her task was accomplished, Eunice entered again into a garden, fairer by far than the first, and the stream was the stream of Life, and the garden was God's Gardan.

THE POETS' CORNER

The White Pilgrim.

I came to a place where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood at his tomb,
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

The lightnings may flash and loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my Master propelled me from home;
I bid my companions farewell—
I left my dear children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

I wandered an exile, a stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeav'ring to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from home—
No kindred, no relative nigh,
I met the contagion, and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

Go tell my companions and children most dear,
To weep not for me, though I am gone;
The same hand that led me through paths dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.

No More Sorrow.

Come, sing to me of Heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There'll be no more sorrow there;
There'll be no more sorrow there;
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness;
Let Heaven begin below.

When the last moments come,
Then watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic glow,
Which in each feature plays.

Then tune my rapturous ear;
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

When round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of Heaven; delightful Heaven;
My glorious Home above.

Prisoner's Hope.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
In the freeland of our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us of a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines they were driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eyes grow bright, the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

The Sailor Lad.

It was early spring when I was young,
The flowers they bloomed, the birds they sung,
But not a bird sang happier than I,
The sailor lad who now was nigh.

The morning sun was shining still,
Twilight beamed over the eastern hill,
The sailor lad stood nigh his bride,
A weeping by the ocean's side.

'Tis scarce six months since we were wed,
Yet oh! how swift the time has fled!
But we must part at the dawn of day,
The proud ship bears my love away.

'Tis sundown now and I am left alone,
The flowers have died, the birds have flown,
But not a bird so sad as I,
My sailor lad who is not nigh.

He came but once, he came no more
To his weeping bride, on the lonely shore;
The ship went down at the howling of the storm,
The sea engulfs my sailor's form.

He is sleeping now beneath the waves,
The mermaids singing o'er his ocean grave,
Mermaids,too, at the bottom of the sea,
Weeping now sad tears for me.

Oh! that I were sleeping too,
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue,
My soul to my God, my body in the sea,
And the blue waves a-roning over me.

Three Angel Visitants.

"Father, dear father," a young child said
As she came one night to his lonely bed,
"Father, O come to my room with me,
Three beautiful angels there you'll see.

"Just now as I lay with half-closed eyes,
I heard a sweet song from the sparkling skies,
And while I was wondering what it could mean,
Mother, Mary and Willie came gliding in.

"They hovered around my little bed,
And each laid a hand on my aching head,
The tears from my eyelids fell like pearls,
But they wiped them away with their loosened curls.

"I'll tell you, dear father, why I cried,
T'was because with them we had not died,
And I thought when they'd gone how lonely t'would be
To live here alone, just you and me."

"'Tis a dream, a dream, my precious child,
Your aching head made your fancy wild."
"A dream! Oh, no, that cannot be,
For dreams do not come and talk to me."

"And they did talk, for Mary said
That her spirit was blest, though her body was dead,
And she said that but once the flowers would die,
E're we'd find our home in her own bright sky.

"And little Willie as he stood there,
With his mild blue eyes and shining hair,
Lisped amid smiles I yet can see,
'Come, little sister, come with me.'

"But my gentle mother's eye grew dim
As she said, 'let her stay and comfort him,
To them a few months of sorrow are given
We'll then have them, Willie, with us in heaven.'"

Babylon Is Fallen.

Hail! the days so long expected,
Hail! the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected;
And her watchmen publish peace.

CHORUS.

Through our Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar.
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

All her merchants stand with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass?
Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "O, alas! alas!"

CHORUS.

Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priest and people—rich and poor,
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

Blow the trumpet on Mount Zion!
Christ shall come the second time;
Ruling with a rod of iron,
All who now as foes combine.

CHORUS.

Babel's garments we've rejected,
And our fellowship is o'er—
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

The Golden Stair.

Put away the little dresses
That the darling used to wear;
She will need them on earth never,
She has climbed the golden stair;
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting
In the realms of perfect bliss.

CHORUS.

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love so fair,
That her little feet are waiting
Close beside the golden stair.

Lay aside her little playthings,
Wet with mother's pearly tears;
How we shall miss little Nellie
All the coming, weary years!
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear,
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Kiss the little curly tresses,
Cut from her bright, bright, golden hair;
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realms so bright and fair?
Oh, we pray to meet our darling,
For a long, long, sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting,
And we meet her face to face.

POEMS WANTED

This poem, which appeared in the National Tribune some twenty years ago, is wanted. Some of its lines are:

I can see them as I write,
Their strong frames buckling to the fight,
Their bare brows sweating in the sun,
Their stripped arms serving every gun.

The following are some lines of a poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar, which is asked for:

The old times gone, the new times heah,
With all its fuss and feader.

The poems An Aged Mother, The Grog Seller's Dream, and The Little Mohee, are requested.

A LITTLE CHAT.

The editor of the Poets' Corner asks as a favor that for the present there shall be no more requests for poems sent in. This is not only a favor to the editor, but it is for the good of the column. Many of the requests for poems are duplicates of those previously received, which we have not yet had an opportunity to publish. We have a large number of poems awaiting publication, and a far larger number of requests. We wish to reduce the accumulation of requests by publishing those which are on hand. Of course, we want the poems that are called for each week, but, for a time, we shall be glad if no more requests are sent in.

Poems received during the past week are: Lost on the Lady Elgin; We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd; Silver Threads Among the Gold; Leroy, and Bragg-a-Boo.

ASHEVILLE DRY AND ROEBLING LEAVES

Millionaire Refuses to Live in Place Where Sale of Liquor Is Made a Crime.

Asheville, N. C., Dec. 25.—John A. Roebling, owner of "Beaux Chiens," a half-million-dollar country estate on St. Dunstan's road between Asheville and Biltmore, has deeded his entire property to the home mission board of the northern Presbyterian church, and will return soon to his home at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Roebling says he is leaving because Asheville has gone for prohibition; that there is no other reason for giving away and abandoning a magnificent mansion which has been under construction for three years and which would take ten years to complete.

"It is just a matter of principle with me," he said. "I am opposed to prohibition from principle."

Mr. Roebling is a son of Washington Roebling, builder of the Brooklyn bridge. He has been a resident here for ten years, and has been the largest individual taxpayer, except George Vanderbilt, having paid the city $10,000 in taxes, besides a heavy state and country tax. He has contributed thousands a year to charity. Last winter, when a large posse was hunting for a negro who had killed five persons, Roebling carried a thousand-dollar Mauser rifle and searched night and day with the posse until the murderer was found and shot.

During the recent prohibition campaign in Asheville Mr. Roebling was one of the most prominent leaders against it. He not only contributed large sums toward it, but gave much of his time making speeches.

On the day of the election the school children, who had turned out en masse, endeavored to keep Mr. Roebling from voting by crowding around him.

THIS CHRISTMAS TREE WAS SURELY BEWITCHED.

Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 27.—Chopping the butt of a Christmas tree in Prospect, William Smith, a farm hand, nearly cut off his great toe.

Angered, he threw the axe and it broke a window and struck a child, Mabel Scoville, in the face, inflicting a severe cut. Trimming the tree later, Mrs. William Scoville fell and broke her ankle.

Indignant over the chain of accidents, Howard Scoville, a son of the woman, insisted on doing the rest of the work himself, and while testing the candles set the tree afire and nearly burned the farmhouse.

Believing the tree bewitched, the father, Ambrose Scoville, threw it into the hog pen, where it fell on and killed a chicken.

"Fourth of July is good enough for me. Let's celebrate at the church festival this year," was Mr. Scoville's comment.

1,000 SALOONS WILL QUIT

Brewer Predicts Wholesale Closing of Doors.

Brewers Not Making a Dollar Under Present Conditions, Says Ortseifen.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—"One thousand saloons will have locked their doors and gone out of business in this city by May 1, next," said Adam Ortseifen, president of the McAvoy Brewing company, during a talk last night on the scarcity of barley, which is seriously crippling the large breweries and the malt houses, and may mean a probable raise in the price per barrel of beer within a few weeks.

Perhaps one-third of the breweries, the largest ones, in this city do their own malting. The smaller ones buy of the malt houses. Both breweries and maltsters, for several weeks have been bidding almost to the point of wiping out the margin of profit in order to get the few carloads of barley that arrive in this market each day.

Beer is now selling at from $4.50 to $7 a barrel, according to quality. The quality depends upon many conditions, but chiefly on the malting expense, in which barley figures as the chief factor.

"We are not making a dollar under the present conditions," said Mr. Ortseifen. "As a business man I can foresee only an increase in the price. As for the other brewers, I do not see how either, can avoid a raise.

"It is a fact well known to the trade that hundreds of the smaller saloons are not making much, if any, money now, and I predict that 1,000 will have closed their doors and gone out of business by May 1, next."

TO FIGHT CONSUMPTION

Board of Experts Appointed in New York State.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 24.—State Health Commissioner Porter announced yesterday that he had appointed an advisory board composed of experts on tuberculosis, "to give to the state department of health such advice and suggestions as in their wisdom and expert knowledge they may deem proper and expedient," in dealing with the ravages of consumption.

Ten well-known physicians have been named and all have signified willingness to serve.

"One of the worst problems before the state," said Dr. Porter, "is how to deal with tuberculosis. At least 50,000 deaths a year in this state are attributed to tuberculosis. I believe it to be a preventable disease, and nothing has been so far done to systematically prevent its ravages. Other states are moving in that direction, notably Massachusetts and Pennsylvania."

Dr. Porter says that Governor Hughes has approved the course he has taken and that the legislature will be asked for an appropriation of $50,000 to carry on the proposed work.

BOOST FAIRBANKS BOOM

Indiana Republicans Pass Resounding Resolutions.

Endorse the Vice President for Republican Presidential Nomination.

Indianapolis, Dec. 27.—"His clean life in public and in the home, his clearness of concept, his poise of character, his conservative courage and his great ability have long appealed to us."

This is what the Republicans of Indiana think of Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks.

They said so yesterday in the resolutions adopted at the biennial love feast endorsing him as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination.

The resolutions were introduced by Governor J. Frank Hanly, and were adopted with a round of cheers by the active party workers of the state who were present. The resolutions, in part, were as follows:

"We, the Republicans of the state of Indiana, in biennial love feast assembled, send greetings and felicitations to the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, vice president of the United States, and turn to him for leadership in the pending presidential campaign. We have often trusted him and have many times given him high commission.

"We ask his leadership with full confidence in his wisdom and his patriotism, and promise him in return our highest effort and best endeavor to secure for him the commission of his party at the national convention."

United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge presided and made the principal address. He said, in part:

"We must amend the railway rate law at points where it is defective. We must make modern the Sherman law, which now shackles honest enterprise, because it does not fit present conditions. We must prevent overcapitalization and the swindling for which it furnishes opportunity and excuse. We must drive the canal to completion and improve the nation's waterways. And we must and will end the infamy and shame of child labor in the republic."

Others present included Senator Hemenway, many of the Indiana representatives in congress, members of the legislature, county and city officials and a number of candidates for places on the state ticket, with their friends. The gathering was large and enthusiastic.

210 STRIKERS KILLED

Troops Fire Into Crowd of Laborers at Iquique, Chile.

Valparaiso, Dec. 26.—According to a statement issued officially, the recent encounters at Iquique between nitrate strikers and the police resulted in the killing of 210 men and the wounding of about 50. During the engagements the troops fired particularly at the leaders of the strikers, on their alm was poor and the men were not hurt. The president and the vice president of the local strike organization, who are Spanish anarchists, succeeded in avoiding all efforts to capture them and have disappeared.

Iquique is now calm, but there is no work going on in the greater portion of the nitrate plant because the laborers have emigrated in large numbers.

At Antofagasta, the men in two establishments are out. Other nitrate workers are ready to go on strike, but they have no leaders. There is disorder at Antofagasta.

BIRDS TO TAKE GREETING

Carrier Pigeons to Fly From Minneapolis to Boston.

Minneapolis, Dec. 28.—New Year's greetings from Mayor J. C. Haynes, of Minneapolis, will be sent to the mayor of Boston by carrier pigeons. It is thought the birds can complete the long journey of 1,200 miles in about forty-six hours.

The entire trip, however, will not be made by the same pigeons. Two birds will be liberated here, each having the message tied to its leg, and they will fly to their home town, Aurora, Ill., where the message will be transferred to a bird that is to make the flight from Aurora to Philadelphia, where the message will be fastened to the pigeon which is expected to deliver it in Boston.

Roosevelt Necessary to Save the Country, Says Tom Lawson

Boston, Dec. 24.—Thomas W. Lawson, in a statement last night, confirmed a New York interview Sunday in which he announced that he has decided to launch a movement which has for its object the re-election of President Roosevelt and the elevation of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, Democrat, to the vice president's chair.

Mr. Lawson claims that President Roosevelt's re-election is necessary to save the country from disaster and that any other Republican, or even William J. Bryan, would be so satisfactory to New York financial interests that "they will willingly finance either or both parties through the campaign to any extent necessary."

Mr. Lawson adds that Mr. Bryan is "clean, honest and unpurchasable," but the money power believes it can "discredit him at the very beginning by showing the world his helplessness in handling and controlling a situation which has almost stumped President Roosevelt to handle and control."

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610 Gardner Building. Toledo, Ohio.

OPEN HUDSON TUNNEL

$80,000,000 Project Connects Manhattan and New Jersey.

Will Bring Two States More Than Five Minutes Nearer by the Clock.

HISTORY OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL PROJECT.

Work begun in 1878 by D. C. Haskin, a civil engineer, who failed in 1880, after about 1,200 feet had been built.

Construction resumed by the English contracting firm of Pearson & Son in 1890. Enterprise failed again after 1,800 additional feet had been built.

William G. McAdoo, a lawyer, organized the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad company in 1892, and work was taken up again and pushed through.

First passenger train will be run though north tubes of tunnel by January 1.

Cost of enterprise, $60,000,000, including an $8,000,000 terminal building in Manhattan.

New York, Dec. 25.—Within a week passenger trains will be run through two tunnels connecting Manhattan with the cities across the Hudson. The bores to be opened are those extending from Morton street to the Lackawanna railroad terminal in Hoboken. One tube is for trains from Manhattan, the other for those coming from New Jersey.

Workmen are now engaged night and day putting in the electrical equipment to run the trains, and, unless all plans miscarry, the passenger service will be in full swing by Jan. 1.

Years of Activity.

The opening of these two bores of the colossal tunnel project carried through by the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad company is the realization of years of thought and activity. The first definite steps toward the extension of the underground passage beneath the Hudson river were taken in 1878, but only partial progress was made when the scheme was abandoned.

Another effort to push the work through was made in 1892, but it failed, and for a long period nothing further was done. William G. McAdoo, a young lawyer from Tennessee, who had formed a law partnership with former Police Commissioner William McAdoo, then became impressed with the possibilities of the enterprise, and in 1892 organized the Hudson and Manhattan company. Capitalists were interested in the scheme, and in a short time work was resumed. Since then there has been hardly a let-up. Five thousand workmen have been kept on the contract, and they have been rushed to the limit of physical endurance to finish the tunnel in the shortest possible time.

Will Mean Much.

The opening of the tunnel system will, it is believed, mean much to Manhattan in the solution of the growing problem of finding homes within easy access of the city. President McAdoo, of the tunnel company, is confident that within a few months there will be a tremendous rush of home-hunters to New Jersey. The mayors of towns in New Jersey share this belief. The tunnel project brings the two states more than five minutes nearer, by the clock. The trip across the Hoboken ferry now takes from 10 to 15 minutes. The trains will make the trip in less than five minutes and, when things are running well, the time will be reduced to probably three minutes.

The south bores of the new tunnel system, running from Jersey City to Cortlandt street, will not be finished until next fall. Trains running through these tubes will have their terminus at the great office building now being erected by the company at Church and Cortlandt streets. The tunnel from Hoboken extends from Morton street to Christopher, over to Sixth avenue and north to Nineteenth street. Later it will be extended to a terminal the company will erect at Thirty-third street and Sixth avenue.

Cost $60,000,000.

The Hudson and Manhattan tunnel project has cost $60,000,000. Of this $8,000,000 has been put into the terminal office building in this city. Back of the tunnel enterprise is W. G. Oakman, who helped Mr. McAdoo enlist the support of capitalists when the lawyer first thought of taking up the work. It has been said that Thomas F. Ryan is the principal stockholder in the Hudson and Manhattan company, but this is emphatically denied by Mr. McAdoo.

LYNCHING IN OKLAHOMA

New State Has First Case of Mob Law.

Muskogee, Okla., Dec. 25.—Riddled with bullets, the body of James Garden, a negro, is dangling from a telegraph pole in Henrietta, Okla., a coal mining town, 30 miles southwest of here, as the result of the first lynching in the new state.

Garden at noon yesterday shot and killed Albert Bates, a white man, because Bates, who is a liveryman, refused to rent a rig to the negro.

Garden said Bates was discriminating against him because of his color, and going across the street for a pistol, Garden returned and killed Bates.

Garden was lodged in jail and last night a mob of a hundred men battered down the doors of the jail, seized the negro and hung him to a nearby pole. They then riddled the body with bullets. All the negroes in Henrietta are terrorized.

There is a negro in the Henrietta jail who it is feared may be lynched.

REAR ADMIRAL ABBOT DIES

Served in Navy Under Perry and Farragut.

Warren, R. I., Dec. 27.—Rear Admiral Charles W. Abbot, retired, died last night.

Pneumonia was the cause of death. He was 78 years old. Rear Admiral Abbot was born in this town and early became identified with the United States navy, accompanying Commodore Perry on his expedition to Japan in 1853-54, as clerk to his father, Commodore Joel Abbot.

Reserved on the sloop of warPa wnee inthecivil war and was attached to the sloop of war Brooklyn, under Admiral Farragut, at the capture of Forts Jackson and St. Phillips. In 1867 he was appointed fleet paymaster. He was retired in 1891 with the rank of rear admiral.

SAYS CRUISE IS A MISTAKE

Archbishop Glennon Censures Sailing of Big Fleet.

St. Louis, Dec. 26.—Archbishop John J. Glennon, in a sermon yesterday, declared that it was a serious mistake from any viewpoint to send the American fleet on a tour half around the world. He deprecated the spectacle, he said, because "it is a season of peace on earth and good will towards men." The policy to be deplored, he said, was "carrying the palm of peace in one hand, while the other holds the key to the hold wherein is 35 million pounds of ammunition for 'fight or frolic.'"

MAY MUZZLE CHINA'S PRESS

Bureaus of Information in Pekin Have Been Closed.

Pekin, Dec. 28.—Bureau of information which had been established in this city for the purpose of instructing the people on the ideas of a constitutional government have been closed.

The local press is very cautious in its comments upon the throne's course of action, which it attributes to be trouble at Che Kiang. There is some apprehension that the press will be muzzled.

Mother Sacrifices Life In Providing Tots With Food

New York, Dec. 28.—Happy that her children, for whom she has sacrificed everything, even the last scraps of food, had at last found friends, Mrs. Phyllis Prisco died at a Brooklyn hospital of starvation.

Mrs. Prisco's husband has been dead some months, and with four little ones, the eldest four years, the youngest four months old, to care for, she labored day and night until she was taken ill. Her pride prevented her from asking for aid, so she saved what bits of food she could obtain for her little ones, while she gradually grew weaker and weaker from the lack of food. The last bits of crusts went for the children's Christmas dinner, and the next morning neighbors heard the crying of the little ones in the unfurnished room in which the mother and the children lived. They entered and found Mrs. Prisco dying and the children weak from the lack of food and from the cold. The police removed the mother to a hospital and the Children's society took care of the little ones. When the physicians found that all hope for the mother was gone, the little ones were sent for, and Mrs. Prisco was assured that they would be cared for. They were happy again, for they had had plenty of food and toys. Rosie and Katherine cooed over pretty dolls. Sam's eyes glistened at a furry horse, and baby Angeline clutched in her chubby hands a wooly lamb.

Their troubles were forgotten in their new found happiness, and as they played with their treasures on the floor beside the hospital cot, the tired woman realized that their sufferings were over. And, as she watched them playing there the mother smile faded out of her eyes, the mother heart was stilled and the mother's sacrifice was complete.

WILL DIE OF HUNGER

Immediate Relief Needed in Interior of Turkey.

Bread Doubles in Price and All Foodstuffs Have Increased.

Boston, Dec. 26.—The American board of commissioners for foreign missions has received advices from the interior of Turkey, showing unusually severe famine conditions. Bread is double its usual price, wheat and other cereal prices are considerably increased and prices for other necessities are four or five times higher than 15 years ago.

Teachers in the villages near Erzroom, whose salaries for the year average $79.20 in American money, are obliged to pay $52.80 for a year's supply of wheat.

Mr. Herd, the British consul at Bitlis, reports that several hundred persons in the Moush Plain and Bularik probably will starve to death before the winter closes, unless relief reaches them soon.

Famine is also threatening other villages near Erzroom, and few of the inhabitants have the means of escaping either to America or to Russia.

DISCHARGE OF TROOPS

After Brownsville Affair to Be Tested in Court.

New York, Dec. 27.—Papers in a case to test the legality of the discharge of the privates of companies B, C and D of the 25th United States infantry (colored), following the disorder in the streets of Brownsville a year ago, have been prepared by the law firm of Ward, Mellen & Woodbridge, of this city.

The lawyers do not make public the names of the persons by whom they have been retained, simply saying they live in New England and believe that the discharge of these men from the service of the United States in the absence of any decision by a court-martial or a civil court that any one of their number participated in this disturbance is wholly unjustified and violated the rights secured to these men both by the constitution and the laws of the United States.

Oscar W. Reid, who was a private in company C, prior to his discharge "without honor," has been selected as the plaintiff in the action. The suit has been brought to recover $122.16, the amount to which Reid's pay would have come from the time of his discharge, November 16, 1906, to June 18, 1907, from the term of his enlistment would have expired.

Reid was one of the men arrested by the civil authorities in Brownsville after the trouble, but was discharged by the coroner. His case also was heard by the grand jury, which refused to hold him. He now lives in this city.

AT MERCY OF BANDITS

Kurdish Raiders Have Surrounded Town of Urumiah.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 26.—A dispatch from Urumiah, in Persian Armenia, which was brought out by a detachment of Russian troops, states that for the last eight days that town has been entirely surrounded and isolated by bands of Kurdish raiders, who have attacked caravans and driven hundreds of loaded camels to the mountains.

A caravan escorted by the guards of the Russian consulate at Urumiah, which was the first to get through, was attacked by 50 bandits. The robbers were repulsed, many of them being killed or wounded. Complete anarchy prevails at Urumiah. Russia is planning to strengthen the consulate guard there, but it is declared in St. Petersburg that the time for actual intervention has not yet come.

Potato Crop Failure Results in 12 Petitions in Bankruptcy

Houlton, Me., Dec. 28.—The failure of the potato crop in Aroostok county has been directly responsible for the filing of 12 petitions in bankruptcy in the United States district court in Maine during the past week by farmers and others interested in the potato crop of the country.

It has been estimated that the loss represents about $300,000 in money.

Forsook No. 13 and Bad Luck, and His Death Soon Followed

Atlantic City, Dec. 25.—There is food for thought by members of the Thirteen club in the career of George Miller, just ended, coincident with his unfaithfulness to the hoodoo number.

In the first place, Miller joined the police force some years ago on May 13 and asked permission to wear the hoodoo badge, No. 13, which the other policemen side-stepped. The first week out he stopped a runaway and received a purse for his bravery. Then he saved a woman's life and got a gold watch as a token. He received promotion for attention to duty.

"Lucky 13," as he became known, got a diamond ring, a silver whistle, another gold watch, a new suit of clothes and finally a cigar store as gifts for devotion to duty. "Lucky 13" decided he was too lucky to be a "cop," so he resigned on November 13, and took charge of the gift tobacco store.

The store failed two days after he forsook "Lucky 13." He got a job as night watchman. The kismet had deserted him. He got into trouble for too free use of his nightstick. He had himself elected constable. Somehow things didn't go just right. Political enemies got the better of him. Then he dropped dead. Illness had been gaining a hold on him ever since he forsook "Lucky 13."

PROTECTION FOR WHALES AND TURTLES

Congress Is to Be Asked to Include Them in the Game Laws.

New Haven, Dec. 27.—Congress is to be asked to establish game laws for the protection of whales and green turtles. At the annual meeting of the Vertebrate Paleontologists of America at Yale university, a resolution was passed asking congress to prevent the slaughter of these deep sea animals during the breeding season. Prof. G. R. Wieland, of Yale scientific school, who has been studying the subject for 10 years, stated in an address that 1,000,000 whales had been killed in the last 1,000 years and that the financial profit from this killing had amounted to $272,000,000. He said that the whale is almost gone, and unless he is to disapear altogether, some means must be found to protect him. Prof. Wieland also pointed out that the green turtle is rapidly disappearing and is doomed to complete destruction unless preserved.

AGITATION IS GROWING

Chinese Government Is Now Thoroughly Alarmed.

Opening of Archives to Delegates a Wedge to Give Constitutional Rights.

Pekin, Dec. 28.—The dowager empress has given verbal orders to the interior department and to the police to suppress all public meetings in Pekin, and there is reason to believe that this order will be extended to the provinces.

The popular agitation along the lines of "Rights Recovery" is growing in a phenomenal manner. The question of provincial, as against federal sovereignty, enters largely into the matter. Women's societies, schools for boys and girls, the family newspapers and the political press, all are participating in the agitation, and for a month past the government here has been receiving telegrams in increasing numbers expressing the strong desire of the senders that the rights, which have been alienated from them by foreigners, be restored to the Chinese.

The movement has reached such magnitude that the government is thoroughly alarmed, and it is today striving to fill a conciliatory position between the revolutionary agitators and those who consider themselves to be aggrieved. The people of Che Kiang province have sent some delegates here to protect their interests. These delegates the foreign board has taken into its confidence, opening its archives to them and asking them to make a careful examination of the position of the Chinese government with regard to Great Britain and then to recommend a solution of the difficulty. The reception accorded these civilian delegates by the government, after the admission of representatives of provincial councils into state affairs at Pekin, is without precedent, and is believed to constitute what can be called the thin edge of the wedge which is to give constitutional rights. It shows also the importance of the agitation which has been going on in Che Kiang province, and which undoubtedly is the cause of the recent edict by the throne.

The agitation embraces the question of the patrol of the West river by Great Britain in an effort to put an end to the piracy there, and leading Englishmen here apprehend that the present popular hostility will result in an inquiry into British trade. The government is relying on the support of Great Britain, whose insistence upon China's maintenance of her original position has produced an apparent solidarity among the Chinese ministers. The pressure of the British government is strengthening the position of Yuan Shi Kai, whose security and influence in Pekin is regarded by foreigners as essential to the safety and progress of China.

SAYS WORLD'S END IS NEAR

Startling Predictions Made by York, Pa., Prophet.

York, Pa., Dec. 26.—The 1908 bulletin of Lee J. Spangler makes many startling statements, including one that the world will come to an end on a Sunday in the month of December, 1908.

Some time ago the prophet issued a statement, in which he said that the United States would become involved in war with foreign nations, and now since the fleet has sailed from Hampton Roads for the Pacific coast Mr. Spangler is watching their movements with interest, believing that one of his prophecies is about to be fulfilled.

For 1908 the prophet says that there will be famines and earthquakes throughout the world. Several of the largest cities in this country will be destroyed, the crops will fail and the present money stringency become worse. Many of the plagues that are written in the Bible will be brought forth and the land will be full of lice, frogs, crickets and locusts.

COLLISION AND MUTINY

Terrible Tale of the Sea Told by the Atlas.

Three Sailors of the Atlas Swept Away and the Sailmaker Died.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 25.—The American ship Atlas dropped anchor here last night, 275 days out from Baltimore, ending a voyage made tragic by a collision off Cape Horn, attended by the sinking of another vessel, the drowning of the fated craft's captain and the captain's wife, mutiny on its decks, and death among its crew.

On June 6, at 6 p. m., the Atlas struck the Norwegian bark Viking, Captain Petersen, bound from Hamburg to Callao. Both were badly damaged by the contact, but the bark fared worse. In the terror of the night, thirteen of the crew of the Norwegian bark boarded the American ship, crawling over tangled shrouds and dangling booms, but Captain Petersen and his wife were not among those who made the dangerous transit, but it was too dark to render aid, though the Atlas stood by during the night, and next morning the Viking had disappeared.

The Atlas put into Rio de Janeiro for repairs, leaking badly. On the way to this port a mutiny took place among the crew over some trouble with the mate, but it was easily quelled.

Before the collision off Cape Horn, three of the ship's company met death. On May 23, J. Schumacher and Charles Nolan, seamen, fell from the jib-boom and were drowned. On June 15, John Hook, sailmaker, died and was buried at sea. When the ship arrived yesterday, the captain's son and the third officer were ill, and the vessel was ordered into quarantine.

The Atlas had a cargo of coal for the United States government. The vessel has been 120 days out from Rio de Janeiro and was overdue. Reinsurance had been ordered at 10 per cent.

The Viking was a new bark of 2,541 tons. Nothing had been heard of it after it began its last voyage until the Atlas brought in the tidings last night.

UTES ATTACK HERDERS

Indians of Colorado Are Traveling in Bands.

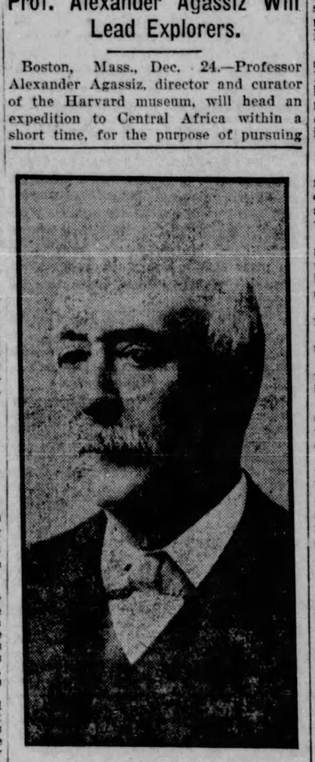
Salt Lake City, Dec. 28.—Colorado Ute Indians are traveling in bands in southern Utah, attacking sheep and cattle owners, according to a report received by Governor John C. Cutter. According to this report a small band of Indians attacked three cowboys near Verdure, San Juan county, on December 23, and at the points of rifles compelled the herders to drive their cattle back into the canyon, whence they were trailing to the winter range. Cowboys and cattle are still confined to the canyon.

Governor Cutler will take up the case with the authorities at Washington, as, according to a ruling of the commissioner of Indian affairs, the Colorado, or Southern Utes, are forbidden to enter Utah.

EXPEDITION TO AFRICA

Prof. Alexander Agassiz Will Lead Explorers.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 24.—Professor Alexander Agassiz, director and curator of the Harvard museum, will head an expedition to Central Africa within a short time, for the purpose of pursuing



PROF. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

his already extensive scientific investigations. The details of the trip have not yet been fully mapped out and the identity of those who will accompany him and the length of the trip are not known.

BLUE AND GRAY TO MEET

Proposal for Reunion of Michigan and Georgia Troops.

Tecumseh, Mich., Dec. 27.—At the annual reunion of the Thirty-first Michigan volunteers to be held here May 17, a plan will be discussed for the holding of a joint reunion with the First Georgia volunteers at Chattanooga, in 1909. It will be the first of its kind in the history of the country. It is proposed that the reunion be so arranged that the first day can be spent at Chickamauga park by those who wish to visit the park. The next day a trolley ride to Missionary Ridge and a trip to Lookout Mountain will be taken. A banquet will be served in the evening. If it can be so arranged on the return trip the two regiments will stop over for a day at Knoxville, Tenn.

TWO VICTORIES FOR SULTAN

Pretender's Forces Defeated With Heavy Loss.

Morocco City, Dec. 26.—Recent fighting in this vicinity has resulted in two victories for the partisans of Abd-El-Aziz, the sultan of Morocco. The Rehamnas, followers of Mulai Hafid, the "Southern Sultan," atacked the Shragna tribesmen, partisans of Abd-El-Aziz, but were repulsed with a loss of 200 men. After receiving 800 reinforcements from Mulai Hafid, the Rehamnas attacked a second time, but again suffered defeat.

REPRIEVED ON SCAFFOLD

Telegram Arrives Just as Trap Was Ready to Spring.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 27.—Just as the black cap was about to be placed today over the head of Henry Thaxton, a negro, convicted of the killing of S. T. Hunstucker, white, a telegram from the governor ordering a suspension of the execution for fifteen days was delivered to the sheriff.

$30 HENS TRACED BY A PATCHED SHOE

Connecticut Sheriff, With the Instincts of a Sherlock Holmes, Deduces With Effect.

Greenwich, Conn., Dec. 27.—Through the truly marvelous deductions of Sheriff William E. Ritch has one John Volgase been arrested, charged with the theft of six hens of lineage rare, which Charles A. Moore, a wealthy New York man, missed from his farm, near this city.

Mr. Moore was proud of that brood, for they had cost him $30 each at the Madison Square poultry show. He had arranged to have an expert superintend the making of a special coop for them and to prescribe a correct diet. The adept went to look over the hens this morning and found none to see.

The sheriff was on the trail. He looked at the coop and the gate of the front yard and after walking for two miles down a moist country road found Volgase, who is a farmer, and told him to come with him to the jail.

"It is not hard for a real born detective to find such as you," said the sheriff, "for the moment I saw your foot prints I saw a large patch on the sole put on by some amateur, and knowing only one man in Fairfield county who was so stingy that he was likely to patch his own shoes I felt certain the trail led in your direction. The patch was easy to follow anyway, and it leads to your gate and to this block where you beheaded six chickens, for there is the spot where you stood when you swung the hatchet. After killing them you removed the feathers back of the woodpile and took the dry picked bodies to the cellar."

Leading the way to the cellar, the sheriff found six newly killed chickens. Volgase said there had been a cruel mistake, for the fowls were his.

"What do you feed your chickens?" asked the sleuth of Greenwich.

"Corn," was the reply.

The sheriff took out his knife and, with one deft pass, demonstrated that the crops of the birds were filled with selected Minnesota wheat, such as was used at the poultry show. Volgase yielded to the law.

If he is convicted the sheriff will get a rewark of $50, which is the sum paid in Connecticut for bringing chicken thieves to justice.

ASKED TO GO TO GRAVE

Buried as Dead, Wolfish Is Turned Away a "Ghost."

Like in Rip Van Winkle, He Paces Village Streets, Snapped at by Curs.

New York, Dec. 28.—"Lazar Wolfish; died August 7, 1907, aged 23 years."

The dead man who lies under the headstone that bears this inscription in Zion cemetery, Manhattan, is not Lazar Wolfish. And over in Komoyonka, Austria, the town's children cry "Ghost!" and flee when the real Lazar Wolfish passes on the streets.

For, according to the records of the city of New York, Lazar Wolfish was interred here with fitting ceremony on August 11 last, at an expense of $90 to the Komoyonka Strumalo Benefit society, and in the presence of seventy-five members of that organization.

And, according to the sight of all Komoyonkaians, Lazar Wolfish appeared to them in seeming human flesh one month after he had been buried in New York. And he has been pleading vainly there to this day for recognition as a live human being.

To Bring Suit.

In consequence the Komoyonka Strumalo Benefit society is about to bring suit against the Long Island state hospital authorities, at Islip, L. I., to collect the $90 which was spent for the burial in Zion cemetery.

Lazar Wolfish came to this country last June and got a job as a digger in a New York Central excavation. Also, he joined the Komoyonka Benefit society.

Lazar was just learning to pitch dirt according to the American method when Policeman Max Libbe got him for making a rumpus at the Union Market station. His English was no English at all; his misfortune rattled him, and his shriekings of innocence were so badly misconstrued that they sent him to Bellevue.

From there a learned council of brain specialists consigned him to the Long Island hospital. They said his case was hopeless, which infallible expert opinion may have had something to do with the certificate of death which was shortly issued for him.

Pronounced Dead.

On August 7 Lazar Wolfish was pronounced by the asylum physician to be officially dead. The Komoyonka Strumalo Benefit society was duly notified; so were Lazar's parents in Austria.

Over in Komoyonka the father, mother and brothers of Lazar Wolfish were still in sackcloth when one September night a knock came to their humble door.

"Who knocks?" asked the patriarchal father.

And the answer came, "It is Lazar, thy son, who knocks."

The old man recoiled. "You are a wraith," he cried. "My son is dead and buried in America."

The rest of the Wolfish family shrieked in terror at the vision. "A ghost!" they screamed. "It is Lazar's ghost, come back to haunt us."

It did the unfortunate prodigal no good to insist that he was flesh and blood. When he told them that he had recovered in the asylum and had been deported by the government as an immigrant without visible means of support, they only howled in greater fright.

"Leave us in peace, phantom," implored the father. "Where have we sinned that you should come back in spirit form among us? Go, we beseech you, back to the grave where our son's body lies."

And Lazar had to go. But, having no money, he couldn't go far. He brought up at daylight on the outskirts of the village where he had been a rustic beau less than six months before. The girls he had wooed had heard of his interment. They saw him now, and ran off screaming. The young men who had been his companions cried out in terror. Like Rip Van Winkle, he paced the streets, with only the village curs to snap at his legs.

He's been doing that, according to accounts, continuously since.

M'KINLEY'S NEPHEW SUES

Declares Abner Signed Away Interest in Estate.

Canton, O., Dec. 27.—William M. Duncan, of Cleveland, a nephew of the late President McKinley, today filed suit in common pleas court for $10,000 against R. F. Shields, administrator of Abner McKinley's estate, and against the widow and daughter of Abner McKinley.

Duncan alleges that Abner McKinley borrowed $10,000 from Helen McKinley, in return for an assignment of his interests in President McKinley's estate, and that Helen assigned the claim to Duncan. He says Abner McKinley refused to recognize the claim in his lifetime.

PHYSICIANS BACK RIXEY

Message on Naval Controversy Sent From Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Dec. 27.—The medical side of the navy controversy has received the commendation of the legislative committee of the American Medical Association. Doctor Charles A. L. Reed, chairman of the committee, today sent the following telegram to Surgeon-General P. M. Rixey, at Washington:

"Your demand and the President's order giving the medical corps of the navy actual control where it has actual responsibility commands grateful approval by the hundred and forty thousand physicians of the United States."

PRESIDENT PAYS BOY $10 FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 27.—President Roosevelt has sent a letter and a $10 bill to Jacob Kriesfeld, a 14-year-old boy, in return for a Christmas gift which the boy sent to the President.

The gift consisted of a calendar decorated with the picture of an American eagle, from the beak of which issues a scroll in which is the name of the President.

DEAD WILL NUMBER 270

Exploration of Darr Mine Is Practically Completed.

Total of 220 Bodies Recovered So Far—Inquest to Be Held January 9.

Jacobs Creek, Dec. 28.—Explorations in the Darr mine of the Pittsburg Coal company were completed today, with the exception of the numerous falls of slate. A total of 220 bodies have been recovered from the main headings and entries. The number of bodies that will be found under the falls, while still problematical, is estimated at at least fifty.

Attention is being given today to the removal of the carcasses of the dead horses and mules. Coroner Wynn has fixed January 9 as the date of the inquest, which will be held at Smithton, Pa., two miles below this place.

LOCATE FLORETTA WHALEY

Girl Who Eloped With Pastor Is in Louisiana.

New York, Dec. 27.—That Floretta Whaley, the young girl who eloped last April with the Rev. Jere Knode Cooke, then pastor of St. George's Episcopal church, of Hempstead, may be now in Louisiana is indicated in a letter received today by Samuel T. Wright, chief clerk of the Nassau county surrogate's court.

The letter is dated from Emden, La., is postmarked New Verda, La., and is signed "W. O. Jones." It says that a girl about 17 or 18 years of age, who gave the name of Floretta Whaley, was brought to his home last April by a man named Cooke. The man said the girl was his stepchild, that her mother was dead and that he was no longer able to care for her, the writer of the letter declares.

DOCTOR DIES OF TETANUS

During Illness Joined Other Physicians in Consultations.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Dr. Joseph F. Piesen, a department superintendent employed by a Chicago packing firm, died last night of lockjaw resulting from a fracture of the nose, which occurred a week ago. Dr. Piesen fell down a stairway in the laboratory of the packing plant. The skin over the nose was broken and the wound became infected with tetanus germs.

On Christmas eve the physician was suddenly stricken with lockjaw. He diagnosed his own case and, with the aid of pencil and paper, directed his family to send him to a hospital. He then sent for a lawyer and made his will. During his illness he constantly joined with the hospital physicians and gave it as his opinion several days ago that he could not recover. The immediate cause of death was said to be heart failure following a convulsion.

MEAN CONTRACTS INVALID

Economical School Board Cannot Enforce Them.

Columbus, Dec. 27.—The board of education of Jackson township, Guernsey county, is hard-hearted. A report of the examination of the schools of the township, filed with the state bureau of accounting, shows that they have contracted with all the teachers in their employment to the effect that they shall not be paid for time spent in attendance upon teachers' institutes; that they shall not ask the board for pay for janitors in their buildings, that meaning, of course, that the teachers shall perform these duties themselves, and that the female teachers shall not marry during their terms, or if they do their resignations shall be presented to take effect on the date of their marriage. The examiner states that the contract as to all three of these propositions is invalid.

RALEIGH PROHIBITION CITY

Votes Out Dispensary and Is Now in the "Dry" List.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 27.—By a majority of 545, Raleigh yesterday voted out its liquor dispensary and becomes a prohibition city, the dispensary to close at noon today. In the city there were 928 votes for prohibition, 381 for dispensary and two for saloons. The dispensary has been in operation here for four years. The sales have amounted to about $250,000 a year, with about $75,000 profit, this being placed to the credit of the school fund, the road fund and the city expense account. It reduced taxation, but the voters here felt that its influence was not for the city's best interest.

Chicago Widows Vote Not to Propose to Mere Man in 1908

Chicago, Dec. 24.—The Hyde Park Widows' club will not do any proposing next year, though it will be leap year.

Mrs. H. Russell presided at the meeting yesterday and considered the motion which a fair member put on the question of proposing during leap year.

"I move," said she, "that the Widows' club do not accept or enforce the privilege which custom assigns to woman of making marriage propositions on leap years."

There was an embarrassing silence for a minute and then an attractive young widow arose and argued that the question should be left to each individual member, to act on as she thought proper.

"I do not propose to propose," she explained, "but under some circumstances we all know that we can be helpful in that direction, and I do not think we ought to bind all the members not to offer any assistance."

The widow who put the motion said it covered only bold, outright proposals and did not seek to bind members who in retiring offered suggestions or assistance to gentlemen who required it. Thereupon a vote was taken and it proved to be unanimous that no member of the club should boldly propose marriage to any man during leap year.

The club has a membership of 100 eligible widows, ranging in years from 27 to 72.

FLEET EN ROUTE TO RIO

Port of Spain Says Farewell to Great Battleships.

Brazilian Hospital Ship to Be Held in Readiness for the American Fleet.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 30.—The American battleship fleet weighed anchor at four o'clock yesterday afternoon and steamed for Rio Janeiro. Accompanying the fleet were the supply ships Culgoa and Glacier. Early in the morning the signal went up from Rear Admiral Evans' flagship Connecticut to prepare for departure at 8 a. m., but owing to a delay in the coaling of the battleship Maine, from the collier Fortuna, it was necessary to change the time of sailing.

Long before the hour set a myriad of small craft, chiefly launches and steam yachts, moved up and down along the lines of anchored warships, the merry parties aboard shouting farewells to the departing visitors.

Thousands of residents climbed the surrounding hills to view the great white ships as they moved outward on their journey of three thousand miles and more, while boat loads of excursionists went to the small islands in the gulf and others to the floating dock to catch the last glimpse of the ships that were so royally welcomed to this port a week ago.

The fleet presented a magnificent appearance as it steamed out in four columns with the supply ships trailing, a distance of 400 yards separating one division from another.

With the Connecticut in the lead, the battleships headed for the Bocas and steamed majestically through the Grand Boca and thence along the northern coast of Trinidad. An average of from ten to eleven knots an hour will carry the fleet to the end of the second lap of the 14,000 journey in about twelve days, and it was announced by Admiral Evans before his departure that he expected to reach Rio Janeiro on Friday evening, January 10.

During the week of their visit here the American officers and men received every courtesy at the hands of the residents. Sir Henry Moore Jackson, governor of Trinidad; Colonel Swain, and other high officials gave dinners and garden parties in honor of the commander of the fleet and his officers.

Ready at Rio de Janeiro.

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 30.—The United States collier Caesar has arrived here with coal for the American fleet. The minister of marine has ordered the naval hospital ship Carlos Frederico to remain in port at the disposal of Rear Admiral Evans when he reaches Rio de Janeiro.

FLOWERS ARE IN BLOOM

Roses and Field Blossoms Appear in Two States.

Dover, Del., Dec. 30.—Roses are in bloom outdoors at the Pennsylvania Railroad company's flower garden in this place.

The succession of mild days and the spring-like Christmas week hurried the buds, and two rose bushes opened out beautiful and well colored blooms yesterday.

In Pennsylvania, Too.

York, Pa., Dec. 30.—The spring-like weather here the past week has caused numerous dandelions to crop up and bloom in the fields and yards. These flowers can be plainly seen in a field adjacent to the city.

WILL FRAME A MODEL LAW

Kentucky Liquor Men Ask Preachers to Attend Meeting

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 28.—A meeting of the Model License league, composed of distillers, wholesale liquor dealers and brewers, to be held in Louisville, has been called for January 21 and 22, 1908. Preachers, lawyers, educators and legislators are invited to attend the convention.

The chief object will be to frame a model law governing the granting of liquor licenses by state and municipal authorities. The league was recently formed with the double purpose of wiping out disorderly and unnecessary saloons and of removing the retail liquor interests from politics.

OKLAHOMA TOWN IS QUIET

Not Believed Troops Will Be Needed at Henrietta.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 28.—A special from Henrietta, Oklahoma, says all is quiet in that town today, but the people are in a state of alarm. The few negroes living there have left. No armed negroes near the town have been reported, neither are there fears from other sections. Because of reported threats by the negroes, armed guards were stationed about the place last night. Railroad bridges are inspected before trains cross, since several torpedoes have been placed on the tracks.

No troops have been called for and it is not believed that they will be needed.

BUILT FIRST IRON SHIPS

Harrison Loring, Pioneer in the Business, Dies in Boston

Boston, Dec. 27.—Harrison Loring, who started one of the first plants in the United States for the building of iron steamships, and who was president of the Brine Transportation Co., died at his home in South Boston yesterday, at the age of 85 years.

In 1857 he opened a plant for the manufacture of iron steamships and he had many contracts with the United States government. He built the monitor Canonicus, which was in the bombardment of Fort Fisher in the civil war, and as late as 1890, built the United States steamship Marblehead, which was with Dewey in Manila Bay.

TRAIN BLOWN OFF TRACK

Tornado in Colorado Causes a Railroad Wreck.

Denver, Col., Dec. 25.—The baggage car and first passenger coach of train No. 25 northbound on the Colorado & Southern railroad which left Denver at 10 o'clock yesterday morning was blown from the track and overturned in the ditch a quarter of a mile north of Marvan, a coal camp, about noon. Six persons were seriously injured, a number of others slightly hurt.

J. G. Garrett, Long Mount, Col., a prominent Elk, had both legs broken and internal injuries, probably fatal. A gale had been blowing over northern Colorado during the day, the wind attaining at times a velocity of from 45 to 60 miles an hour, and it caused much damage by blowing down small farm buildings, trees, telegraph poles, etc.

ARRESTED ON BOARD LINER

Schauwe Charged Embezzling $3,500,000 From Bank.

New York, Dec. 30.—Harry Schauwe was arrested on board the liner Pretoria when that steamer arrived yesterday, charged with the embezzlement of $5,000,000 from a bank in Moscow. He was detained at the request of the Russian government, which will attempt to extradite him.

HAS MISFORTUNES HEAPED UPON HIM

Adler's Firm Fails, His Ship Is Wrecked and He Is Refugee on Island.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 30.—Almost unparalleled misfortunes have been heaped in the short space of one week upon William Adler, one of New Orleans' foremost bankers and a leading wholesale grocer of the south. The arrival of news yesterday that Mr. Adler is a shipwreck refugee at Belize, British Honduras, added several new misfortunes to a record already big.

One week ago Saturday night, Mr. Adler's resignation as president of the State National bank shook New Orleans' financial circles. Since then the bank has announced that it must go out of business. Mr. Adler's wholesale grocery firm, one of the largest in the south, has gone into the hands of a receiver; a load of groceries consigned to Honduras, which Mr. Adler's friends claimed was one of his last hopes of recouping his fortunes, has been lost by shipwreck and the steamer Alps, carrying both the groceries and Mr. Adler, and owned by Mr. Adler, is a total loss by the same wreck. The insurance policy on the shipload of groceries was rendered worthless by failure to pay the premium before the wreck.

Misfortune has also dealt a blow at one of Mr. Adler's closest friends, Moses Schwartz, a prominent New Orleans merchant, who was with Mr. Adler on the Alps, and whose foundry here went into the hands of a receiver shortly after the steamer sailed.

The Alps lies on Glover's Reef, scarcely fifty miles from the port she was making for, Puerto Cortez, Honduras.

Allison Favors a Pension For Ex-Presidents of U.S.

Washington, Dec. 30.—Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa, chairman of the committee on appropriations, favors action by congress looking to the care and support of ex-presidents of the United States.

In an interview he referred to recent utterances of former President Cleveland on the subject, and agreed with him that some provision should be made in this direction.

The matter deserved consideration at the hands of congress, he said, and undoubtedly would receive it. In the case of Thomas Jefferson, who died poor, Mr. Allison said the government would have done well to pay his debts. At present Mrs. Garfield is receiving an allowance from the government, and he said that to make provision for ex-presidents would cause no considerable drain on the treasury, as rarely have there been two of them alive at the same time.

Prosperity in Cotton Mills

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 30.—Cash dividends of $2,701,875 have been paid out to stockholders by Fall River cotton mill corporations for the year 1907, according to figures just compiled. On the total capital of approximately $25,475,000 this dividend is about 10.97 per cent. In addition to the cash dividends there have been stock dividends of $1,900,000. There have been some increase in capital stock in the past year, but adding the stock dividends to the cash dividends, the average on the present capital figures about 18.30 per cent. Figured on the total capital of a year ago, before the capital stocks were included, the dividend together make an average of 19.47 per cent. These dividends are the largest total returns ever given to the stockholders in Fall River mills in a year.

The prosperity has not been confined to the stockholders, for the operatives have been and are still receiving the highest wages ever paid here.

STOP MRS. EDDY'S GIFT

Trustees Ordered Not to Transfers Big Charity Fund.

Contended That Proposed Appropriation Is in Violation of Deed of Trust.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 30.—Disputing the power of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, head of the Christian Science church, to make disposition of so large a part of her fortune, formal notices have been served upon Trustees McLellan, Fernald and Baker, having in charge Mrs. Eddy's estate, ordering them not to make the $1,000,000 gift to found a charitable institution, recently announced, or any other appropriation from Mrs. Eddy's estate, pending the outcome of litigation.

According to former United States Senator William E. Chandler, this action is to be followed by a new law suit involving the Christian Science head and her trustees, brought by the "next friends," Mrs. Eddy's son, George W. Glover, his daughter, Mary Baker Glover, and Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, Dr. Ebenezer J. Foster, of Waterbury, Vt.

The contention of Mr. Chandler is that the proposed appropriation of a million dollars is in direct violation of Mrs. Eddy's deed of trust of March 5, 1907, by which she turned over all her property to the three trustees for life, reserving only the right to use the income and certain realty, and which act marked the partial termination of litigation against her and the trustees by the "next friends," a few months since.

The new action, it is declared, will be entirely independent of another suit now pending against F. S. Streeter, Mrs. Eddy's attorney in Concord, demanding information concerning the deed of trust for $125,000 set aside by Mrs. Eddy for the benefit of her son, George W. Glover, and his daughter.

WANTS FEDERAL RELIEF

Socialist Thinks U. S. Should Supply Idle With Work.

New York, Dec. 30.—Declaring that over 125,000 persons were out of work, the Central Federated Union, at a meeting yesterday voted to have its executive committee undertake immediately a plan for government relief and submit it at a meeting next Sunday. The Socialist delegates declared that the city's army of unemployed was three or four times as great as it usually was at this season. It was stated at the meeting that 25,000 skilled mechanics, 50,000 in miscellaneous trades and 50,000 unskilled laborers were now out of work. One Socialist delegate declared that all warehouses should be thrown open and the poor clothed and fed and that the government should supply work for the idle.

WANTS OFFICIAL JOURNAL

Hobson's Bill Provides for a Government Newspaper.

Washington, Dec. 30.—An official journal, to be published weekly by the government and oftener if necessary, and which shall contain brief notices of the work of various executive departments and independent bureaus of the government of the supreme court of the United States and of the proceedings of congress so far as they may be of general public interest, is provided for in a bill which Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, of the Sixth Alabama district, proposes to introduce after the holidays. The sum of $75,000 is appropriated for equipment and $75,000 for the expense of issuing the publication.

Captain Hobson has gone to some pains to properly convey his idea of what the journal should be, and has had printed a number of specimen copies containing just such matter as would be expected to fill its columns.

"SKELETON MAN" DEAD.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 30.—Charles H. Perry, who traveled with several of the larger circuses for 16 years, figuring the "The Skeleton Man," was found dead yesterday in a hut in the outskirts of this city where he had lately led a hermit's life. Death was due to natural causes.

Perry was known to the public as "Eugene Feralto." Although he was six feet, one inch in height, he weighed only 80 pounds.

TO LECTURE IN AMERICA

London, Dec. 30.—The Countess of Warwick announces her intention of starting early next year on a lecturing tour of America, the proceeds from which, as well as the proceeds from her memoirs, which she is now writing, will be devoted to realizing "My Great Ambition, Owning and Editing a Paper."

BODY IN DRUCE'S GRAVE

Romantic Tale Told by Witnesses Is Exploded.

American Under Arrest for Testifying He Saw Lead Instead of Body Buried.

London, Dec. 30.—The body of Thomas Charles Druce, in Highgate cemetery, was exhumed this morning, just forty-three years to a day after its burial. The coffin was found to contain the remains of a human body, thus exploding the romantic tale told by Robert C. Caldwell and others, who swore during the recent hearing of the Druce perjury case that it contained a roll of lead.

The official statement given out by representatives of the home office and others who were officially present at the exhumation, not only definitely disposes of the lead myth, but seems effectively to prove that the body buried in 1864 was actually that of T. C. Druce. The authorized statement follows:

"The coffin was opened and found to contain the body of an aged, bearded man; the plate on the coffin bore the name of Thomas Charles Druce."

A Remarkable Scene.

The scene at Highgate cemetery this morning when the vault was opened, was remarkable. Constables seemed to spring from everywhere; every bush and every tree apparently hid an officer of the law. All the entrances to the cemetery were surrounded by cordons of police. Only those persons who had passes from the home office were admitted to the grounds. George Hollamby Druce, who claims he is the rightful heir to the Portland dukedom and to its vast estate, tried twice to get into the cemetery, but was met with a stern refusal.

The operations began at daybreak, with the removal of the topmost coffins in the vault containing the bodies of the wife and a son of T. C. Druce. It was nearly half-past 11 before the coffin, the contents of which have aroused the curiosity of the whole world, was brought up ready for opening and inspection. The top was quickly unscrewed and the inner casing of lead cut open; there was no need for the dictum of the eminent surgeon, Augustus J. Pepper, who was appointed by the home office to carry ou the exhumation, to assure all present that human remains lay in the coffin.

Gives Up Secret.

The Druce vault has thus given up its secret after ten years of legal proceedings which have cost, all told, a considerable fortune.

A large part of this money was obtanned from servant girls and other workers who were induced to buy shares in a company formed to prosecute the claims of George Hollamby Druce against the estate of the Duke of Portland.

The charge of perjury against Herbert Druce is effectively disposed of.

Herbert Druce, the defendant in the now famous case, is charged with committing perjury by swearing that his faher, Thomas Charles Druce, of the Baker street bazaar, died December 28, 1864, and that he saw the dead body placed in a coffin and buried in Highgate cemetery. His nephew, George Hollamby Druce, declares that this must be untrue, because T. C. Druce was in fact the fifth duke of Portland, who lived until 1879. That being so, George Hollamby Druce claims that he himself, being the senior descendant in the male line, is now the rightful heir of the Portland dukedom and to certain rich estates, the income of which is placed at $1,500,000 a year, now held by Lord Howard De Walden.

The fifth duke of Portland and a man known as Thomas C. Druce have been declared to be one and the same person by about one dozen witnesses, but particularly by Robert C. Caldwell, of New York, who testified at length and in detail to this effect during the present trial.

Was Arrested.

Caldwell left London for New York the middle of December. Upon his arrival he was arrested at the request of the British authorities on a charge of perjury. He is now ill at his home on Staten island. Should he be brought to trial the evidence obtained from opening the coffin will play an important part in his trial.

Herbert Druce opposed the opening of the grave on the ground that he did not wish to desecrate his father's remains on the whim of a person who chose to make a claim to an estate he is not interested in and who has put forward a claim, he declares, he knows to be untrue. He was obliged finally, however, by the popular demand to put aside sentiment and consent to the exhumation of the remains for the purpose, as his advisers say.

TROOPS AT GOLDFIELD

President Sends Ultimatum to Nevada's Chief Executive.

More Deputies Sworn In to Take Place of Soldiers Should They Leave.

Washington, Dec. 28.—President Roosevelt today telegraphed to Governor Sparks, of Nevada, that if the governor, within five days, will issue a call for a special session of the legislature he will continue the troops at Goldfield during a period of three weeks. If within five days the call has not been issued the troops will be withdrawn.

The war department is particularly desirous of being relieved from the charge that it is maintaining the troops there in defiance of the constitutional provision. It is true that the governor of the state has the right to make such a call when the legislature is not in session, but only when he cannot convene that body, which is not the case at present.

More Deputies Sworn In.

Goldfield, Nev., Dec. 28.—Both sides of the labor controversy tonight are anxiously awaiting word from Carson, as to the result of the attempt of the mine owners to procure from the United States circuit court an injunction against the members of the Western Federation of Miners and the Goldfield miners' union, prohibiting them from picketing the mines and compelling them to cease meeting or conducting the business of the union in Goldfield.

The sheriff today swore in abuupt 150 more deputies, who are compelled to give bonds of $2,500 each, and who are to be ready for a call to duty at any minute after the departure of the troops. No more strikebreakers have arrived.

EARTHQUAKE IS RECORDED

Heavy Tremor Is Shown by Government Instruments.

Washington, Dec. 30.—A very heavy earthquake was recorded on the instruments at the coast survey observatory at Cheltenham, Md., this morning. It commenced at 32 minutes 32 seconds past midnight and last two hours. The maximum displacement was 64 millimeters.

The weather bureau today issued the following bulletin: "A distant earthquake of considerable intensity was recorded by the seismographs at the weather bureau this morning, commencing at 12:33, and lasted for over one hour. The first preliminary tremors continued for four minutes and 55 seconds, and the strongest motion occurred at 12:45 a. m., at which time the actual movement of the ground at Washington was about five millimeters."

MORGAN BUYS TREASURES

New York, Dec. 30.—One of the most famous art treasures of France, the Biron monuments, have been bought by J. Pierpont Morgan, and now repose in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. News of the purchase became known yesterday. It is known that the cost of the monuments, which consist of two groups, "The Entombment," and "Our Lady of Pity," was large. Mr. Morgan has not given them to the museum, but has lent them for an indefinite time.

TRADE BREAKS RECORD

Both Imports and Exports Show an Increase.

1907 Imports Will Exceed $1,400,000,000; Exports Over $1,900,000,000

Washington, Dec. 28.—The foreign commerce of the United States in 1907 makes a new record both as to imports and exports. While but eleven months' figures are yet available, the record for that period so far exceeds that of any corresponding period of earlier years as to justify the statement that the total of both imports and exports will be larger for the calendar year 1907 than in any preceding year in the history of our commerce. For the first time, the monthly export record has crossed the 200-million line, the total for November, 1907, being $204,444,880, while the import record of $138,110,170, made in March, is the largest total of importations in any single month in the history of our commerce. The figures at hand justify the estimate that the imports of the full year will exceed $1,400,000,000 and that the exports will probably exceed $1,900,000,000.

If to this we add the trade with the non-contiguous territories of the United States, the value of the merchandise entering the ports of the continental United States would aggregate nearly $1,500,000,000 and the merchandise leaving the ports of the continental United States would aggregate nearly $2,000,000,000.

The Principal Growth.

The growth in the foreign commerce occurs chiefly in manufacturers' materials and manufactures. In imports, crude material for use in manufacturing shows for the ten months for which figures are available an increase of about $40,000,000 over the corresponding period of last year, and manufactures for further use in manufacturing show an increase of about $25,000,000, while manufactures ready for consumption show an increase for the period named of $46,000,000. On the export side, raw materials for use in manufacturing show an increase of $48,000,000, manufactures for further use in manufacturing an increase of $13,000,000, and manufactures ready for consumption an increase of $29,000,000. In foodstuffs there is a slight increase in the importations, but a decrease in exportations, as measured by values. Foodstuffs in a crude condition imported show an increase of about $20,000,000 and foodstuffs partly or wholly manufactured a reduction of about $3,000,000, these figures covering only the ten months ending with October, the analysis for the eleven months not being yet available.

The large increase in importations of manufacturers' materials occurs in most of the important articles used in manufacturing in the United States. Of Manila hemp the importations during the ten months ending October were 51,611 tons, valued at $10,061,488, against 39,987 tons, valued at $7,734,113 in the same months of last year. Of sisal, the importations of the ten months are 83,072 tons, against 76,742 tons in the same months of last year; of jute, 80,741 tons, against 77,486 tons in the same months of last year; of India rubber, 59,379,515 pounds, against 53,582,757 pounds in the same months of last year; of raw silk, 12,973,689 pounds, valued at $59,791,928, against 12,381,243 pounds, valued at $46,211,401, in the same months of last year; of wool, 171,100,184 pounds, against 169,761,686 pounds in the corresponding months of last year.

Increase in Ores.

Of iron ore, pig iron and iron for further use in manufacturing, such as bars, ingots and slabs, there is also a marked increase, so that the total value of iron and steel, exclusive of ore, for the ten months ending October was $34,117,204, against $27,784,650 in the same months of last year and $21,820,949 in the corresponding months of 1905. Hides and skins show a decline in quantity imported, being but 314,000,000 pounds, against 350,000,000 pounds in the same months of last year, and pig tin also shows a decline of quantity, being 76,500,000 pounds, against 83,000,000 pounds in the same months of the preceding year, though the value is practically the same in 1907 as in 1906, due to higher prices in the current year.

Copper ore imported shows an increase of about $2,000,000, as compared with last year, and copper in pigs, bars and ingots an increase of $10,000,000, being for the ten months ending October $34,932,974. This large importation of copper into the greatest copper-producing country of the world—the United States—is due not to the home demand for foreign copper but to the special facilities which the manufacturers of the United States have for smelting copper ore and refining and extracting the precious metals from the ore imported in the form of pigs, bars and ingots. Raw cotton shows a marked increase in the ten months of 1907, being 101,907,975 pounds, against 51,697,359 pounds in the same months of last year.

BRADSTREET'S REVIEW

Business Was Up and Down to Extremes.

World Has Been Living Beyond Its Means—The Statistical Story.

Nineteen hundred and seven was a year of extremes—of excessive, apparently insatiable, demand early—but later of dullness unequaled for years. Coincidently there were three separate and distinct declines in prices of securities, interspersed, however, with rallies depriving the general downward movement of the year of its uniformity, but foreshadowing the later quieting down of trade and industry. Accompanying and as a result of the last great break in stock and bond prices there ensued a marked loss of public confidence, suspensions of financial institutions so swelling business failure liabilities as to recall the damage of 1893, and an acute money panic, causing a widespread suspension of trade and industry, the year closing with a degree of pessimism as to the outlook, only to be compared to the feeling of optimism ruling at its opening.

The year saw and the markets for securities and commodities reflected many disturbing occurences, besides witnessing the play of forces and influences having their inception in preceding years. For one thing it became evident that the entire world—financial, commercial and industrial—was, in 1907, living beyond its means, and that the boasted large additions to the world's stock of gold were not sufficient to offset the destructive effects of past wasteful wars, the vast loss of property growing out of conflagrations in 1906, and the increased expenditures of all countries, states, municipalities and individuals. Speculation in real estate and mining securites put additional burdens upon money supplies, already strained by the necessity of providing sufficient of the circulating medium to carry along the unprecedented demand for all kinds of goods selling at the highest prices in years. In addition, the business and financial world was called on to bear effects of past shocks to confidence of investors at home and abroad resulting from life insurance disclosures, the revelations that some banking interests were willing to deny financial accomomdation to ordinary mercantile borrowers, in order that unreasoning speculation might be fostered, and proofs that laws had been evaded by some corporations through freight discriminations.

The railroads were among the first to learn that short-time notes at high rates of interest were a precarious dependence for supplies of liquid capital, and attacks upon these corporations by legislatures prevented fresh borrowing, even if capital was to be had, which was doubtful. Government prosecutions of corporations also hurt investment buying of securites, and the lack of conservatism displayed by the federal authorities at times when the public mind needed reassurance and calming were certainly not helpful. Incidentally some members of the banking community, in the time of acute fear last October, preached sanity and against the hoarding of money, and then did what they were inveighing against to the detriment of the entire business community. As one critic put it, it was not so much scarce money as it was "scared" money that caused the damage in the autumn of 1907 after the actual panic was stayed by a few giants of finance. Wholesale trade was large, but retail trade was irregular, and crops were smaller.

The year began poorly as to the weather, with complaints of a mild winter affecting retail trade. Following this came a short spell of summer-like weather, and then just at planting time began two months of cold weather which was injurious to vegetation, delaying to crops and ultimately, despite favorable weather in the summer and late fall, resulting in lessened yields of nearly all crops as compared with 1906. Spring trade began well, with a good Easter season, but languished for two months thereafter, though needed hot weather later restored some of the lost balance. Mild weather early in the fall, the late movement of the crops and the October panic and its aftermath hurt fall trade and holiday business.

As to wholesale trade, it may be said that six months' business was secured before the year began, but the business done after July 1, and especially in the last quarter, was below other years. Industry entered the year with full order books and had about caught up with demand in many lines when the October panic occurred. Collections were at no time especially good, and in the late fall they were positively bad in some sections, with an immense amount of paper reported renewed. Despite all drawbacks, however, so keen was early demand and so behindhand were nearly all manufacturers that the excess in the first half of the year probably more than made up for losses in the last half, so that the year's turnover in wholesale trade and industry compares quite well with 1906.

Poor crop reports and estimated or actual lighter yields were responsible for excited movements and a higher range of prices of farm products, especially of grains and cotton, than in 1906. Commodity prices, as well as the cost of living, generally struck new high levels.

Labor was scarce, but complained of as inefficient until close to the end of the year, when decreased building and manufacturing operations brought about a surplus supply. Emigration was the heaviest in the country's history, coincident with the greatest immigration ever recorded.

Looking Forward.

The pain of recent wounds is too acute to allow very optimistic views being taken as to the outlook for 1908. There is, in fact, rather a disposition in trade circles to look upon the reverse side of the picture. This is not extraordinary, however, because it is usual for the average man to be bullish at the top and bearish at the bottom.

In addition, there is the knowledge that trade in other countries is quieting down, that a presidential election is impending, that readjustments of wages and of prices are sure to follow stock and money market convulsions, and that expenditures for all public and private purposes are likely to be smaller for some time to come.

On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that there is a large and very profitable business to be done in this country in supplying the wants of the 84,000,000 people that inhabit it, and that the warnings to the country of the present trouble were so early and so numerous that large accumulations of stocks and goods were avoided. Buying for some time past has been of a healthy character, small and frequent instead of heavy purchases being the rule.

Furthermore, it might be noted that some branches of the community, as, for instance, the farmers, were slow to feel the trouble which so far has been largely financial or industrial, and not agricultural, as in previous years of stress. Given the lightening of the present stress in the money markets, a thing which may be reasonably looked for with the quieting down of trade, though perhaps delayed by necessary heavy borrowing by railroads, a rather quiet business may be expected until election possibilities become certainties, and the next growing season gives some index as to the crops of 1908.

THE STATISTICAL STORY OF 1907.

Agricultural Yields and Values.

	Yields, 1907.	Change from 1906.	Past records.	Year.
Corn, bushels	2,592,320,000	Decrease 11.4	2,927,416,691	1906
Winter wheat, bushels	409,442,000	Decrease 17.0	492,888,004	1906
Spring wheat, bushels	224,645,000	Decrease 7.4	293,185,322	1899
Total wheat, bushels	634,087,000	Decrease 12.7	748,469,218	1901
Oats, bushels	754,443,000	Decrease 21.7	987,842,704	1902
Barley, bushels	153,317,000	Decrease 14.5	179,816,484	1906
Rye, bushels	31,566,000	Decrease 5.4	33,630,592	1902
Buckwheat, bushels	14,290,000	Decrease 2.4	22,791,839	1866
Total six cereals	4,180,023,000	Decrease 13.8	.....	...
Flaxseed, bushels	25,851,000	Increase 1.0	28,478,000	1905
Potatoes, bushels	297,942,000	Decrease 3.2	332,520,300	1904
Hay, tons	63,677,000	Decrease 11.0	66,829,612	1889
Tobacco, pounds	698,126,000	Increase 2.3	821,823,963	1902
Rice, bushels	18,738,000	Increase 4.9	21,096,068	1904
Cotton, bales	12,000,000	Decrease 11.1	13,600,000	1904
Sugar, tons	1,539,000	Increase 4.6	1,470,296	1906
Hops, pounds	48,330,000	Decrease 13.7	56,000,000	1906
	Values 1907.	Change from 1906.	Past records.	Year.
Corn	$1,340,446,000	Increase 14.9	$1,166,626,479	1906
Wheat	554,437,000	Increase 13.0	518,372,727	1905
Oats	334,563,000	Increase 9.1	306,292,978	1906
Barley	102,068,000	Increase 37.9	74,235,997	1906
Rye	23,068,000	Increase 17.3	24,589,217	1891
Buckwheat	9,975,000	Increase 14.3	16,812,070	1867
Total six cereals	$2,364,552,000	Increase 14.4	2,065,886,799	1906
Flaxseed	24,713,000	Decrease 4.6	25,899,105	1906
Potatoes	183,880,000	Increase 17.1	160,821,080	1905
Hay	743,560,000	Increase 25.6	592,539,671	1906
Tobacco	76,234,000	Increase 11.7	68,232,647	1906
Rice	16,081,000	Decrease .2	16,121,298	1906
Cotton	650,000,000	Decrease 9.2	716,352,000	1906
Value all farm products	$7,412,000,000	Increase 10.0	6,794,000,000	1906

Finance and Industry.

	1907.	Change from 1906.	Past records.	Year.
Bank clearings	$144,200,000,000	Decrease 9	$158,322,847,914	1906
Imports merchandise, est.	$1,420,884,000	Increase 8	$1,320,609,250	1906
Exports merchandise, est.	$1,906,239,000	Increase 6	$1,793,247,943	1906
Total trade, est.	$3,337,173,000	Increase 7	$3,118,857,193	1906
R'way earnings, 10 months	$1,503,468,000	Increase 12	$1,335,147,000	1906
Circulation Dec. 1	$3,008,241,583	Increase 10	$2,734,000,000	1906
Building expenditure	$583,000,000	Decrease 7	$627,000,000	1906
New York stock sales	197,831,000	Decrease 31	265,577,354	1901
New York bond sales	$540,398,000	Decrease 20	$1,003,810,560	1904
Pig-iron output	25,200,000	Decrease .4	25,307,191	1906
Iron ore shipments	41,288,755	Increase 10	37,513,595	1906
Anthracite coal shipments	66,500,000	Increase 19	61,410,201	1905
Shoe shipments, cases	4,700,000	Decrease 6	5,128,000	1903
Labor strikers	175,000	Decrease 68	650,000	1903
Immigration, total	1,232,354	Increase 8	1,227,000	1906

TO CALL EXTRA SESSION

Governor of Nevada Will Convene the State Legislature.

Until State Can Control the Situation Federal Troops Will Remain.

Washington, Dec. 30. — Governor Sparks of Nevada today wired President Roosevelt that he is now preparing a proclamation calling the legislature of Nevada into extra session. According to the President's last communication to the governor, the troops will now be ordered to remain at Goldfield for a period of three weeks. The legislature will probably convene January 14.

Given New Aspect.

Goldfield, Nev., Dec. 30.—The announcement made today that Governor Sparks had telegraphed word to President Roosevelt that he would call the Nevada legislature together in special session as soon as possible, has given an entirely new aspect to the labor situation. At least a portion of the federal troops will, it is thought, remain in Goldfield for an indefinite period, and all fear of any serious disturbance has vanished.

It is not at all certain, however, that the legislature will act in accordance with the wishes of Governor Sparks, but the calling of the special session will have the effect of keeping federal troops in Goldfield, and will make the possibility of serious trouble more remote. The governor has asked many prominent citizens of Nevada as to the advisability of a special session, and all replies have favored such a move.

The Esmeralda county grand jury has recommended the appointment of a board of arbitration to attempt a settlement of the strike. George A. Wingfield, a prominent member of the Mine Owners' association, is a member of the grand jury.

FARM MACHINERY EXPORTS

Record Breaking Shipments to Be Made to Europe.

New York, Dec. 30.—Record breaking shipments of American agricultural machinery are about to be made to Europe, six big steamships having been chartered for the transport of everything conceivable used in farming work. The engagement of other special vessels for the same purpose is expected to take place within the next few days.

These cargoes, together with shipments made by practically every steamship sailing from this port for continental Europe during the next four months, will aggregate no less than a quarter of a million tons, representing a value not far short of $25,000,000. The first complete cargo is scheduled to leave port by the steamship Saratov on January 1 for Libau. On reaching that Baltic port the machinery will be loaded on special trains, which will be dispatched 6,000 miles into the heart of Sibearia.

LINERS HAD ROUGH TRIP

Seven Steamers Arrive Late in New York.

New York, Dec. 30.—A fleet of seven trans-Atlantic steamships—the Campania, Cedric, St. Louis, Pannonia, Pretoria, Caronia and Minneapolis—came creeping into port yesterday bearing scars of battering seas which held the liners back and delayed them a day in their trip across the Atlantic.

On Christmas day the storm was so heavy that only a dozen of the cabin passengers of the St. Louis went to the dinngroom for dinner. None of the steamers were seriously damaged, though at one time the officers of the Pretoria used oil to calm the turbulent seas.

The Campania brought $3,000,000 in specie and the Cedric $1,200,000.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Dec. 30.—Wheat prices this morning showed losses from Saturday's finals. The support of the Bartlett people and the strength of corn are the leading supports of the market. Advices from Argentina continue bearish. George LeCount, Finley Barrel's correspondent, wires from Carate that wheat has been safely stacked. Threshing is in progress. LeCount also says the quality is better than a year ago. Liberal offerings of South American wheat at Liverpool met with poor inquiry today. There was a good demand for wheat from commission was unchanged at 1:30 p. m. Pressure on houses, led by the Bartlett people and Love. World's shipments, while a shade lighter than last week, were heavier than a year ago. A decline set in at Chicago when Lake sold a half a million on the bulge. Liverpool opened ¾c higher and shorts is expected from the Bartlett people when they call for their long line. December and cash were ¼c lower at $1.02. May opened ¾c lower at $1.07½, later losing ⅛c. July also lost ⅛c in opening at $1.01⅝. The noon price was ⅛c below the opening.

Unloading by longs shortly 12 m. started wheat tumbling. The bull clique appeared to be giving the market all it would absorb. A slight rally developed later on commission house buying. Bartlett joined in the selling movement. It is said the big bull interests are long 25,000,000 bushels. A big increase was reported in the visible supply. Liverpool closed ⅝d up. The local closes were: Cash and December $1.00¼, May $1.05¾, July $1.00.

Corn was strong, on buying by Rankin, Comstock and Chicago bulls. Offerings were light. The crowd at Chicago bulled the market on the weather. December was especially strong. Liverpool opened 9-2⅝c higher. December corn in Toledo opened unchanged at 60¾c, later advancing to 60c. May and July were unchanged at 61½c and 60¾c respectively.

On selling by the Chicago crowd, corn weakened. Liverpool closed ½d up. There was a big increase in the visible supply. The closes follow: Cash and December 60c, May 60⅝c, July 60c.

Commission houses bought and Armour sold a little oats. Offerings were small. December at 53c was unchanged. May gained ⅛c in opening at 55¼c, but July was unchanged at 50c. There were no changes during the initial hour.

At Chicago the cash and local crowd turned oats loose. Bartlett bought to some extent. The visible supply showed a decrease. The finals: Cash and December 50c, May 54⅜c, July 49⅜c.

Clover seed eased off slightly before the middle of the day. Cash and December showed a loss of 2½c in dropping to $10.35. May at $10.45 was also 2½c lower.

In closing, clover seed options were unchanged from the noon hour. Trading was exceedingly dull.

TOLEDO.

					Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Dec.30.	Dec.28
Cash	1.02	1.02¼	....	....	1.00¼	1.02¼
Dec.	1.02	1.02¼	....	....	1.00¼	1.02¼
May	1.07¼	1.07¾	....	....	1.06¾	1.07¾
July	1.01½	....	....	....	1.00	1.01⅝
Corn—						
Cash	....	....	....	....	60	60½
Dec.	60⅜	61	....	....	60	60½
May	61½	61⅝	....	....	60⅝	61½
July	60⅜	61¼	....	....	60	60⅜
Oats—						
Cash	....	....	....	....	53	53
Dec	53	....	....	52½	53	53
May	55¼	....	....	54½	54⅝	55
July	50	....	....	49½	49⅝	50
Clover Seed—						
Cash	10.37½	....	....	....	10.35	10.37½
Dec	10.37½	....	....	....	10.35	10.37½
March	10.47½	....	....	....	10.45	10.47½
Rye—						
No. 1	....	....	....	....	80½	81
No. 2	....	....	....	....	79½	80
No. 3	....	....	....	....	75½	76
Timothy—						
Prime	....	....	....	....	2.20	2.20
Alsike—						
Prime	....	....	....	....	9.85	9.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—						
Dec.	1.01⅛	....	....	....	98¾	1.00⅞
May	1.07¼	1.08	1.06¾	1.04⅞	1.04⅞	1